NATIONAL REVIEW

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

The Emperor's New Lunik

M. STANTON EVANS

Soviet War Doctrine

ROBERT STRAUSZ-HUPÉ

It Takes All Kinds

ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . ANTHONY LEJEUNE
L. BRENT BOZELL · GARRY WILLS · JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
WM. F. BUCKLEY JR. · EDNA LONIGAN · RUSSELL KIRK

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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For the Record

New trouble in Hungary. Word has leaked out that 5,000 Russian occupation troops mutinied early this month. Most were shipped off to Siberia, some executed, European underground sources say. Rigid security measures planned by authorities there for November 4, anniversary of day the revolt was crushed. Hungarian refugees in free world to demonstrate during that week. . . . Governor Rockefeller well on his way to alienating an important section of East Coast electorate. On Pulaski Day celebration in New York, Rockefeller paid tribute to Poles for their restraint in not joining Hungarians and other central Europeans in anti-Khrushchev demonstrations. Not a single person in the audience applauded. Several walked out. . . . Rockefeller, incidentally, received 1,200 speaking invitations last month.

Chester Bowles, at a world affairs seminar in Milwaukee, said the five leading candidates (Nixon, Rockefeller, Kennedy, Stevenson, Humphrey) have the same foreign policy "within 2 to 3 per cent". . . . A private poll of Republican delegates to 1956 convention shows 89 per cent think Nixon will win nomination in '60 as against 8 per cent who give it to Rockefeller. . . . Another poll, by Research Institute of America, of 3,000 business executives, taken after K's visit, indicates 78 per cent oppose increased trade with the Soviet Union.

Repercussions expected from bland White House announcement that Eisenhower's schedule "precludes" visit here from Tito. In Yugoslavia, it has been understood that Tito would receive a formal invitation in near future. . . . In the last 18 months, 108 members of the teaching staff at East Germany's Leipzig University have fled West. . . . For the first six months of 1959 European auto production in the principal producing countries was: West Germany, 727,000 cars; France, 587,000; Britain, 574,000; Italy, 226,000.

Just released, part two of the House Committee on Un-American Activities report on "The Crimes of Khrushchev." This section was regarded as "so inflammatory" its publication was held up until after K's visit. Write to the Committee for copy. . . . Also available, from the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, part two of a report on Communism in the Caribbean.

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The WEEK

● From Professor Gerhart Niemeyer, a new slogan:

BEWARE OF VISITING COMMUNISTS;
THE MIND YOU CHANGE MAY BE YOUR OWN.

● If we lived in a world that had traditions in common, we would sympathize with a recent report of a committee of the American Bar Association asking that the United States drop its reservation to the jurisdiction of the International Court of Justice which sits at The Hague. Theoretically, the Bar Association is quite correct when it observes that impartial justice among nations is hardly compatible with the Connally Amendment of 1946, which stipulates that the U.S. shall have the power to veto any International Court action on problems that can be interpreted as coming within the "domestic jurisdiction" of the nation. From the standpoint of realism, however, the Bar Association request falls several light-years short of making sense. Since it is an arm of the United Nations, the International Court of Justice adheres to no common tradition; its members, by definition, are representative of two basically incompatible systems of morality. If the Connally reservation has a "fundamental evil," as the Bar Association committee report insists, the "law" of the United Nations has even more basic defects. A UN which could not muster the decency to oust the Soviet Union after the Hungarian blood bath, and which still welcomes the fraudulent Soviet stooge delegation from a coerced Budapest, cannot be accepted as an arbiter of anybody's law or morality. In the past, the ABA has evidenced a commonsense realization of the nature of the international jungle. One wonders what has got into the committee members.

● Charles Van Doren is a born showman, and he may have staged his disappearance for the finest theatrical reason: to draw the attention of all the nation to the great dramatic moment that lies before him at which, let us hope, he will be able to prove that he did not knowingly participate in the great fraud that has recently been exposed. If it proves that Charles Van Doren, with that face, with that earnestness, with that look of heroic concentration, was a phoney, heaven help the nation: Orphan Annie and J. Edgar Hoover will come under suspicion. Meanwhile, a vote in favor of the propriety of a congressional committee's having looked into the situation, even if no laws were broken. A congressional committee is entitled to ponder, in the light of its findings, whether there should be laws against that kind of thing (we tend to think we are better off without them: and anyway, what would come of professional wrestling?); and if no new laws are suggested, the congressional investigation will have done much to educate us on the cynicism of our circus makers. The House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight has helped to clear the air.

● Ever since Fat Jim Fisk primed the gullibility of President Grant with Erie Railroad money, milking the Iron Horse has been a great American habit. "Featherbedding"—payment for services not rendered—persists, and, in the estimate of American Railroad Association President Daniel Loomis, costs the industry $500 million a year. On October 31 a three-year moratorium on rules changes ends, and railroad management is petitioning the government, via the National Labor Relations Board, to help wipe out a few of the inequities. Watching from the wings: management in industries with similar parasitic wage rules—construction, printing, trucking and entertainment.

● Economics notwithstanding, tough-minded General Nasution seems to hold a firm hand on Indonesia these days. Nasution has decided one of the things Indonesia needs less of is political party activity. On this theory he banned the Communist Party convention last month. The Communists, of course, went straight to Sukarno and arranged a compromise—on General Nasution's conditions, *i.e.*, all party meetings must be held behind closed doors, may be attended only by card-carrying Party members authorized by the military. When the Party Congress finally went into session, it had another surprise from Nasution: hundreds of elaborate Communist propaganda posters, advertising the convention and the Party position, had been torn down and destroyed all over Jakarta. Communist protests fell on the unavailable ears of Strongman Nasution. Sukarno insisted on addressing the concluding session of the Party Congress, but there's a question how many people were listening.

● Italian leftwardness was not arrested by the deposition of Fanfani last winter, it is now clear. Mr. Segni, Christian Democratic premier and presumed right-winger, finds himself powerless to arrest the trend; or if not powerless, unwilling or afraid to make the necessary effort. The editor of *Borghese* writes, "The [Christian Democrat] . . . neither knows, nor desires, nor is able to do other than follow along the path it marked out for itself the day that it repudiated [Don Luigi] Sturzo in favor of [Alcide] de Gasperi [in 1944] . . . The fall of Fanfani and the

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advent [of Segni] . . . clarified the political situation insofar as everyone now sees that the Christian Democratic Party [like Nenni's socialists] also has its 'useful idiots.' . . . The rightists give their votes to Segni, with the okay of the left, on the understanding that Segni and his friends will continue the drift toward the goals of Fanfani." The failure of Segni is the principal political development in Italy in 1959.

● We are grateful for the $1 million donated to four American opera companies—the New York City, the Chicago Lyric, the San Francisco, and the Metropolitan. We approve the reasons for the donation—to help the companies find and produce American operas and encourage talented composers "capable of establishing native American opera as a continuing part of our national culture." We are grateful to the donor—none other than the Ford Foundation. We are tempted to remark that this is the sort of thing the Ford Foundation should have been doing all along—but we are so grateful, and expansive in our gratitude, that we will remain silent—for at least two weeks.

● In her syndicated column Irene Corbally Kuhn tells of a New Jersey family, the Thomas Powners and their three small children, who volunteered for a fee to live for two weeks in a semi-soundproof fallout shelter in the basement of Princeton University's Eno Hall. Unbeknownst to the Powners, the Princeton psychologists and the Office of Civil Defense and Mobilization sneaked monitoring microphones into the shelter which recorded every sound made by the family during the whole two-week period on 38 miles of tape. Princeton was outraged when Mrs. Kuhn suggested the trick played upon the Powners bore a startling resemblance to Gestapo or NKVD tactics. Well? Any protests from the Civil Liberties Union? Any word from Senator Case?

● John Hersey, well-known author of such bestselling books as *A Bell for Adano* and *The Wall*, has written a seven-page essay lambasting the cult of mediocrity in American education. Published by the Woodrow Wilson Foundation, Hersey's essay traces the dilemma of a mythical child of talent faced with American education's familiar battery of mass tests, statistical averages, bureaucracy, and group norms. Talent, writes Mr. Hersey, cannot be "measured in the mass by crude pieces of machinery based on mythical nation-wide norms." The failure of American education lies in its tailoring for the "average mind and the average student." It is a failure of "national vision—for we have tended to see human beings as statistics, children as weapons, talents as materials capable of being mined, assayed and fabricated for profit and defense." America is stupidly suspicious of an aristocracy of mind; "an aristocracy of talent, like any elite, is dangerous only when it becomes self-perpetuating and dedicated to keeping out the newcomers . . ." Otherwise, it is essential.

● When a subject people is offered independence the proper thing to do is jump with joy and emit loud hurrahs. But the people of the South Cameroons (which is now administered by Britain) are not up on their political etiquette. Their leaders arrived at the United Nations recently to beg for a two-year *postponement* of a plebiscite scheduled for this winter by which they can plot their own political course, and shrug off the—yoke. They don't know yet what they want, the delegates pleaded, where they should go, whether they should join Nigeria, or the French Cameroons—or even stay as they are. Visibly shocked that any people should ask to remain under colonial rule, the USSR is busily marshalling votes to block postponement of the plebiscite. Like it or not, the Southern Cameroonians had best make up their minds, that, like the eagle and me, they've gotta be free.

● To the official statement that the Khrushchev-Eisenhower talks at Camp David could be characterized as "frank and friendly," *Punch* had a belated comment: "They couldn't be both."

How Sincere Was Khrushchev?

Just as Khrushchev's sycophants among us, acclaiming his "sincerity," accept everything he says at face value, so do those of us on the other side tend to reject *all* of his words as lies. Now the fact is that Khrushchev's rhetoric, as is generally the case with effective propaganda, uses an amalgam of truths with falsehoods as its prime instrument of propaganda. A diet of nothing but lies is too coarse for even a drugged audience to swallow.

Repeatedly during his visit Khrushchev proposed: 1) universal disarmament, and 2) increased trade between the Soviet Union and the United States. Were these proposals just empty Bolshevik Psywar gambits, or did Khrushchev "mean what he said"?

Khrushchev knows, of course, that universal disarmament is a utopian illusion, and knows that the Western leaders know it. And he knows, or assumes, that however softened up they are, the Western nations are not going to undertake unilateral disarmament without evidence of some balancing reduction in his arsenal. He is prepared to make such a reduction. This, and not the question of "controls," is the real danger of the disarmament proposal: not that it is a pure fake, as it has been widely described,

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aiming only to fool the ignorant and gullible, but that it has a solidly and sincerely meant core.

Khrushchev wants a degree of disarmament because the past and present Soviet armament program puts an intolerable burden on the Soviet economy that is producing severe social strains as well as deep economic dislocations. These strains have become more troublesome to the regime in the somewhat looser post-Stalin atmosphere, wherein they have both psychological and political repercussions. Soviet arming absorbs nearly 40 per cent of production as against 10 per cent in the case of our own. Our economy is far better able than the Soviets' to sustain the present pace.

Though this has never been much discussed in public, it is well understood by at least some of our military and political leaders that huge armament programs are a very powerful tool of economic warfare that operates, on net, in our favor. This is just the reason why Khrushchev sincerely wants—not universal disarmament, which is absurd—but a slowing of the pace: wants it, and would really pay something tangible to get it.

And Khrushchev really does want increased trade with the United States. In order to carry through the Seven Year Plan in the measure required by domestic considerations, he must have economic help from the West. He needs credits, chemical plants, machine tools, heavy equipment, knowhow. The $200 million worth of such goods that the Communist bloc is getting from Britain this year is only an appetizer. And for these things, too, Khrushchev is prepared to give something in return. This was the message—a message with a genuine strain of sincerity—that he kept drumming into the businessmen toward whom his tour was chiefly oriented. Not a few of the businessmen, sensing both the sincerity and the sales potential, listened with a sympathetic and an active interest.

If Khrushchev were just a plain and simple liar, none of us would believe him. It is the larding of truth that makes his lies appetizing to the unwary and the shortsighted. We will not avoid his wiles merely by denouncing him as a monster. We must understand what he says, what he means, and why he says and means it.

On disarmament and trade Khrushchev's intention is simply this: in accomplishing our downfall, he is asking—and most sincerely asking—for our help. From present indications it looks as if a good many of our governmental and business leaders are anxious to give it.

No Break in Sight

As we write, the three-man board of inquiry acting under the Taft-Hartley Act has been unable "even to define" the issues in the steel strike. Management wants to get rid of "featherbedding"; the steel union admits no featherbedding, except perhaps in management. The industry has offered some increases in fringe benefits for the first year, and in pay for the second; the union has replied by accusing the industry of trying to "break" the power of labor. In short, the "collective bargainers" have been unable to get together on the problems they are supposed to be talking about.

Well, if that's the way they feel about it, there's no law that says they must have a meeting of minds about starting points for negotiation. It is the essence of freedom that no one should be compelled to bid. All of which is tantamount to recognizing that there is no law saying we must have a steel industry after the eighty days of compulsory work ordained by the Taft-Hartley rules have elapsed.

But if there's no law saying we must have a steel industry, there's also no constitutional principle that says Congress can do nothing about bringing the steel workers under the anti-trust acts. There is much to be said for the view that the anti-trust laws are vicious in that they don't actually set up any objective criteria for industry behavior. But management is stuck with the anti-trust laws, and labor isn't. This gives the unions the advantage

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of playing the game without any interference from the referees that are always cracking down on management for arbitrarily defined unsportsmanlike conduct.

Congress might ponder the question: What constitutes evidence of monopoly in unionism? There is obviously a presumption of monopoly when a union can strike a whole industry at once. Would it protect steel consumers from collusive strikes if it were to be made prima facie evidence of conspiracy for unions to strike more than a certain percentage of an industry at a given time? And mightn't it be possible to pass a law requiring that contract termination for the companies in an industry be staggered over a twelve-month or a twenty-four-month period? There is no obvious solution for the problem of union monopoly. But it is obvious that a solution is needed.

The Voters Had a Choice

Within its limited framework the solid Conservative victory in Great Britain had a real political significance at which small-c conservatives everywhere may rightly rejoice. The campaign confirmed the political history of postwar years in placing these issues unambiguously before the British voters:

1. *Nationalization.* The Conservatives opposed further nationalization. The Labor Party promised more, with immediate renationalization of the key steel industry.

2. *Fiscal responsibility.* Conservative policy has achieved a hard and convertible pound and a balanced budget. Labor proposed measures that everyone knew meant deficits, inflation, and a weakening of the pound on international markets.

3. *Armament.* The Conservatives aim to keep Britain as much of an international power as she is capable of being, and therefore rejected any unilateral disarmament, qualitative or quantitative. Labor proposed the first stages of unilateral disarmament by both Britain and the West.

4. *Class Struggle.* Labor, controlled by the sclerotic trade unions, continued a Marxian appeal to class interest. The Conservative approach was consistently national.

5. *Africa.* The Conservatives, though accepting the perspective of African self-determination, are resolved to keep Africa linked economically and strategically to Europe, as much of it as possible to Britain. Labor showed itself ready, in effect, to give up Africa.

6. *Education* and other domestic issues. Within the assumed welfare limits, Labor proposals are subsumed under the concept of *equality;* Conservative proposals, under the partly overlapping but still contrasting concept of *equality of opportunity.*

If, then, Mr. Macmillan's success cannot be claimed as an unalloyed victory for the conservative and libertarian cause, it was a smashing and in some respects conclusive defeat for British socialism and the British Left.

Full Circle

The recent joint meeting of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development and the International Monetary Fund brought to focus an ironic reversal that has taken place in the years since these two closely linked institutions first set up shop. They began in the postwar days of that Dollar Gap of which we heard so much: the days when the dollar was the only hard, convertible currency on the world markets. The Dollar Gap was a phrase that meant that all countries wanted more dollars than they could get through normal channels of trade and credit.

So, through the Bank and the Fund, the Marshall and Mutual Aid and Military Assistance plans, we obligingly poured out the dollars to all who asked. And to every international institution we always contributed, in our dollars, the largest share, often equal to the sum put up by all the rest.

At their meeting two weeks ago, the experts of the Bank and Fund in their unpublic discussions noted with a variety of emotions that today, among all major Western currencies, the dollar is the shakiest, the least secure.

The explanation is simple. Our commercial "balance of trade" is running an annual surplus of approximately $3 billion. But foreign military and political spending by the government amounts to an annual outgo of about $6 billion. As a nation we have been operating our foreign affairs, since 1957, at an annual deficit of $3 billion. The inevitable result is the loss of gold, which is going out at an unprecedented rate, and the building up of foreign balances against our gold supply. These balances now total over $15 billion against the remaining $20 billion of gold.

If this ratio continues even two or three more years, or if for any reason some foreign nations start to draw down their balances, the dollar will take an international hammering of a kind that could shake our own and the world economy to the roots.

What all this means is that our foreign policy commitments have got out of line with our fiscal position. Our political chiefs still talk blithely of ever-expanding foreign aid. Just a fortnight ago we ponied up a full half of the budget for the International Atomic Energy Agency (of which all major nations, both East and West, are members). But the moment of fiscal truth is fast approaching. If it isn't possible

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to keep a drunk from liquor by reasoned argument, he has got to stop drinking when he has no more money for the bartender.

A Start

Governor Rockefeller has made a serious statement on trade between the free world and the Soviet bloc, in which he fought free of the clichés that surround the subject and breathed easily, for once, as he faced the issues. The conditions of trade, he said in his detailed address, are absent between the United States and the Soviet Union, and trade should not be resumed until those conditions are restored. Russian trade practices "are inherently discriminatory," and "on the present basis any increase in volume of Communist trade will add in direct ratio to their power to disrupt and dominate the world trade by Trojan Horse tactics."

The Administration has wisely insisted that resumption of trade with the Soviet Union must be preceded by disposition of the Soviet Union's huge war debt. But, Rockefeller warned, that is not enough: the Soviet Union could easily pay us the money and then proceed to disrupt world commerce by discriminatory trade policies, price fixing and other forms of economic warfare. Rockefeller called for subjecting Russia to the regulations subscribed to by the 36 free world nations under the general agreement on tariffs and trade and for vesting NATO, SEATO and the Rio nations with the powers to enforce trade agreements.

We applaud the Governor for his realism, and wish only that he would penetrate the problem to the extent of realizing that the Soviet Union cannot engage in normal trade relations any more than it can engage in normal diplomatic relations, so long as it is bent on a worldwide revolutionary course. And no trade agreements are going to have the effect of exorcising Communism. But Rockefeller has lots of foreign policy speeches coming up, and he has made a fine start.

While the President Nods:

. . . Renewed large-scale battles break out in Northwest and Northeast of Tibet . . . Tibetans corraled by the Communists into forced labor plunge into a wave of suicides, with guards compelled to put up special barbed wire barricades to prevent leaps into the river Kyi-chu . . . Sarawak government deports two Communist agents operating to subvert loyalty of Chinese Sarawak school children ("The Chinese Communist Party is like the red sun, By its strength it liberates others, Welcome to the comfort mission of our fatherland") . . . Under Russian pressure, Premier Kassem executes 13 anti-Communist officers and four civil officials ("Now that my fate is certain," declared one of these on the eve of his execution, "fearing neither death nor the scaffold and speaking as a Moslem who places his faith in his Creator, I proclaim publicly that I am proud of what I have done as a citizen, proud of having fought Communism as a Moslem, as a patriot, and in a furtherance of the laws of my country") . . . At a Vienna meeting of the International Atomic Energy Agency, the Russian delegate bitterly attacks Americans for blocking election of the Bulgarian stooge, Nadjakov, as chairman . . . The full-scale Soviet psychological campaign against Iran (including 70 hours of weekly broadcasts in Persian, continuous press attacks, and massive local subversion) continues unabated, with the following appendix to the same radio broadcast that carried news of Lunik II and the Eisenhower-Khrushchev meeting: "The Shah's government is not in accordance with existing conditions. Overthrow this government. This is the task for the national forces of Iran." . . . Combined rebel and Viet Minh forces, after token withdrawal to coincide with arrival of UN mission, open up new operations in three new areas . . . Quemoy and offshore islet shelled heavily . . . All Communist agents operate overtime to continue terror and prevent Arab acceptance of de Gaulle self-determination offer . . . Communist troops and agents continue armed infiltration of Indian border states . . .

On Forcing the Relaxation of Tensions

We give you, ladies and gentlemen, the Minneapolis *Morning Tribune* of October 7, and ask whether or not there is Hope?

The editorial in question is called, "Do We Want a Thaw?" and deplores the speech by Walter Robertson at the United Nations last week, in which Robertson set forth the reasons why the United States is opposed to receiving Communist China into the United Nations. Mr. Robertson, the editorial bemoans, "called the regime an 'outlaw by every standard of national and international conduct,' said it was 'imposed by force and fraud,' accused it of setting up a 'brutal commune system,' charged it with resorting to 'wholesale murder and to mass slavery unparalleled in the history of the world,' said it 'has thrown foreign citizens in jail without trial and subjected many of them to inhuman tortures . . .' and much more."

"There is much truth to these accusations, of course," the *Tribune* admits, leaving its readers un-

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clear on why the qualifier "much" was necessary. "Yet what purpose is served by once again parading the crimes of the Communist regime before the world if the United States really does want to reduce tensions between the East and the West? . . . there is good reason for the United States to reaffirm its opposition to the admission of the Chinese Communist regime in the UN. But this could have been done merely by citing the current record and avoiding the polemics of Robertson. For now we can be accused of inconsistency—and perhaps even bad faith—to talk about seeking a relaxation of tensions in the world at the same time that one of our representatives attacks the Chinese Communists in terms that are just as inflammatory as their 'hate campaign' against us."

This passes as thought in a major daily.

Consider what has been said: 1) It is O.K. for the United States to vote against letting Red China into the UN, because reasons exist for not letting her in. But 2) those reasons are ugly-sounding when you actually state them, so you shouldn't state them, because to state them involves saying ugly things about a nation with which you are trying to have nice relations. 3) It is just as inflammatory for good nations to call evil nations evil, as it is for evil nations to call good nations evil.

We reply: The United States must, once a year, when the matter turns up on the UN's agenda, state the reasons *why* it wishes to exclude from membership in the UN a large and powerful nation. The reasons will then be explicit, or implicit; they will be stated euphemistically, or realistically; with feeling, or dispassionately. The *Tribune* is asking in effect that we suppress reality in order to stretch out the dream within which we fancy ourselves as happily engaged in reducing tensions by chatting away with

To the Manor Born

A reader has passed along her correspondence with Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York.

Dear Governor Rockefeller,

You may not know personally Tracy, an employee of the Briarcliff Laundry, but he has for over 40 years been serving members of your family. He is an old man, of great character, and his admiration for your family is something that we, as old Briarcliff customers, have not only enjoyed witnessing but heeded, because of his perceptiveness and convictions.

His conversation is so colorful that I make it a point, when he calls here, to go out and encourage him to philosophize. He is interested in everything—but, on the subject of the Rockefellers, here are several remarks that I recall.

In reference to your grandfather, "He said to me one day when I met him on the grounds and we were talking, 'Tracy, if I could be as happy as you, I'd give away every cent I've got.'" I believe this completely, as the first thing that strikes you about Tracy is his determination to make life a happy experience for himself as well as others.

Of your father, "The old man brought that boy John D. Jr. up right. None of this upstart, snobby business. Character was what counted, and Junior has brought *his* boys up the same way." . . .

And, finally, of you, "This man's trying to do some real good for his country. God knows, he doesn't need the money and he doesn't need the fame. If anybody *deserves* the PRESIDENTURY, it's Nelson Rockefeller!" Not only a compliment to you, but an unwitting enrichment of political phraseology.

There are many more, but this will suffice. And, when I heard that last just the other day, it occurred to me at once that this wonderful old man would be so thrilled to have a note from you with your signature thanking him for his friendship and loyalty to your family and to you.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. Robert Walker

Dear Mrs. Walker:

Governor Rockefeller wishes me to thank you cordially for your gracious letter and for the information you convey about Tracy Wilklow.

The Governor would be happy to comply with your suggestion and write to Mr. Wilklow if it were not for prohibitive circumstances that now prevail here in Albany.

The volume of mail that pours into the Governor's office every day, both here and in New York City, has multiplied to proportions that are really staggering. Governor Rockefeller accordingly has been obliged to set a limit on the number of letters that he can personally write and to forego the sending of many that he would like to write if conditions today were as they were in previous administrations.

I am sure you will have a sympathetic understanding of our position.

Sincerely,
Louis Sherwin
Proclamations Officer
[believe it or not]

Our reader comments: "They are really working up there in Albany—isn't it great? Of course, this daffy man that answered my letter could have taken the same time to write Tracy instead. But he (daffy man) and everyone else are just too busy, busy, busy. They just lost a vote; I choose my candidates for character!"

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Khrushchev. That dream, we are being told, is too pleasant to be interrupted by photographic remarks about the quality of life in Red China: and what is more important, the reality or the dream? To the *Tribune,* the dream, the dream it shares with many of the leaders of the West. If only the members of the slave nations could dream too, could live a life as it might be described in the manicured voice of the Minneapolis *Tribune*! But they are wide awake, and Walter Robertson does not forget them.

Whose Children Anyhow?

Some of our readers may remember Priscilla Buckley's report ("Chappaqua Builds Its Dream School," *NR*, June 1, 1957) of the saga of a Westchester County community and its new public school. The voters began by authorizing the school board to build a $2,100,000 high school. Three years and six bond issues (or $3,217,000) later, exasperated to the breaking point, the voters cried halt!, refusing to authorize the additional $240,000 needed to equip the school and finish the landscaping. (The moneys allocated for this purpose having been used, among other things, in removing 11,000 cubic yards of rock the architects hadn't known was there.)

Well, another two years have gone by, during which the school board has complained loudly and incessantly of its "skeleton-thin" operating budget. To be sure, it managed to squeeze enough money out of the budget to level two football fields (practice and varsity) and two baseball fields (practice and varsity). But no provision, would you believe it, had been made for soccer. This was clearly discriminatory. And when the board found (actually, it went out and investigated) that a soccer field and two tennis courts (might as well throw in the tennis courts) could be had at the bargain price of $98,000, it decided to put it to the people.

The announcement of a town vote on the new bond issue, as it happened, was made so quietly that it wasn't until the day before the vote that the leaders of the "economy" group heard of it. And they were only able to get 209 of their people to the polls—sufficient, as it turned out, since the school board and the educationists, confident of victory, turned up only 208 strong!

But it may prove a Pyrrhic victory. One member of the board, twitted about the defeat on a commuter train the next morning, hissed to his heckler: "Don't worry. We'll see to it that *next* time the bond issue will be bigger and cost you more."

Thus will the recalcitrant people of Chappaqua be punished for their temerity in deciding, not that their children shall not play soccer, but that they shall not play soccer on a football field!

An Inartistic Smear

Charles P. Taft, brother of the late "Mr. Republican," a businessman with a passionate interest in politics, in a screed in a recent *New York Times Magazine* attempted to throw a douche of cold water on the idea that businessmen other than himself should take a more active interest in politics. Said Mr. Taft, the current movement to get executives (and sympathetic employees) to take part in party politicking is really aimed at labor, and in a narrow way, at that. But what is his warrant for some exceedingly ugly insinuations?

There's the McGraw Edison Company's Mr. Charles Edison, for example. Is his recently formed company Committee for Public Affairs just a secret union-busting contraption? We have seen the literature this committee circulates to McGraw Edison employees. (Has Mr. Taft seen it?) Only a very minute portion of it bears on labor matters. Mr. Edison hopes, perhaps naively, that his associates will take the trouble to educate themselves on a thousand topics bearing on the maintenance of a free society, and he is doing his best to stimulate everybody around him into exploring the ramifications of such myriad things as inflation and foreign lending and the dangers of sentimentalizing the Soviet threat. So with Admiral Ben Moreell of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company; so with many other businessmen. After dwelling with the New Deal ethic (the idea that government owes everyone a living) for twenty-five years, some businessmen have decided that the contemporary cultural climate can stand some changes. They have, at last, reached the conclusion that they owe something to civilization as well as to their balance sheets.

Mr. Taft conjures up a time when Robber Barons engaged in politics in order to steal such things as street car franchises and choice bits of land along railroad rights-of-way. In plainly intimating that Mr. Edison's campaign to make his employees conversant with the ravages of inflation is on a par with Jim Fisk's politically protected looting of the Erie Railroad, Mr. Taft is guilty of one of the most inartistic smears of the decade. What's the matter with Charles Taft?

Our Contributors: ROBERT STRAUSZ-HUPE'S ("Soviet War Doctrine") most recent book is *Power and Community*. He also co-authored *The Protracted Conflict* and is Director of the influential Foreign Policy Research Institution. EDNA LONIGAN (*"New Deal Infighting"*), a free-lance writer and frequent contributor to *Human Events,* worked for many years for former Senator William Jenner.

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

They Gave the Orders, II

Communism was no longer an evil to be scorned and, in due course, eliminated; it was a different way of life, to be disapproved but put up with. War was no longer a distant threat to be kept at bay by healthy defense appropriations; it was a real and imminent alternative to reaching an accommodation with the Soviets. America was no longer the self-confident master of her own destiny; she now had to reckon with a law of necessity that bade her listen attentively to an enemy's terms. . . .

The major teaching of the Khrushchev visit, we saw in the last installment of this column, was that America had come around to viewing the world struggle through Soviet lenses. The hundreds of tiny capitulations, as well as the half dozen or so big ones, were not so much displays of cowardice in the enemy's presence as they were symptoms of a new national perspective. The U.S. Government provided some of the evidence by treating Khrushchev's bogus threat to Berlin as a genuine crisis and by seeking to propitiate its instigator. But the real proof emerged elsewhere —from the press and from the people themselves.

The U.S. press, though it sometimes appeared to be acting on directives from the Government, was not a captive press in that sense. It wrote its news copy and its editorials independently and from the highest of motives: concern for the commonweal. It concluded, very simply, that the best interests of the nation demanded a search for a *modus vivendi* with the Soviet Union.

Most important of all, the people themselves came to believe their government's rhetoric. The typical man-on-the-street did not remonstrate with anti-Khrushchev demonstrators on the grounds that the President had asked for courtesy. He invoked the cause of peace. He understood, as Khrushchev had proclaimed, that to fail to relax tensions—*i.e.*, to bend to Soviet pressures—was to invite war.

The route explanation of the new American perspective is fear of war. And this is why America is so much sicker than, say, Britain was in the days of the Oxford Pledge. The British pacifists were motivated by a moral and intellectual revulsion to war—not fear of it. And since this motive is, for Westerners, contrived and unnatural, British pacifism was, predictably, a transistory thing; a fad. Fear is a genuine emotion. Once there, it is hard to dislodge. Once there, moreover, it feeds on imaginary dangers as well as real ones. Soviet bombs are a *real* danger should American regiments march on Budapest; and they are a superstition in the current Berlin "crisis." Fear, however, blots out the distinction and counsels appeasement not only at the end of the road, but along every step of the way.

That fear of death should prove the West's undoing is, perhaps, the supreme irony of the struggle. It should, after all, be our trump card. Our foes are atheistic materialists? They and we each profess the power to destroy each other? They why shouldn't we be able to stare *them* down? Our tradition puts a high value on human life, but it provides for something else when life is gone. What does Communism offer? Hitler, gone mad, could will a fiery *Götterdämmerung* for himself, and retain the power to bring down his nation with him. But will Khrushchev, necessarily, stick it out to the end? If he is willing, what of the rest of the Soviet hierarchy? Faced with a believable Western resolve to level Russia rather than tolerate the continuation of Soviet power, is it all that certain that Russian leaders would choose to die? Communists are, to be sure, capable of individual acts of heroism; yet shatter their faith in Marxist historical imperatives, and Communist martyrdom loses its meaning. It is different with men who have a purpose outside of history. The terror—the specter of a lifeless planet—is, by all rights, *our* weapon.

The survival of the United States requires the emergence of leaders who will assert a national purpose that transcends survival. The stress must be on a new leadership—on working from the top down—because the nobler spirit of the American masses has now been blunted beyond the point where spontaneous regeneration can reasonably be anticipated. The people will not force a revamped value hierarchy on their leaders; our best hope is that they can be stirred by, and will follow, those who break new ground. A definition of the world struggle in Western terms is not, after all, unintelligible. What is more, this definition is capable of sustaining a considerable emotional fervor. Patriotism, freedom—these may not catch a fish any more. But let the rhetoric be that of *battle* and *victory*—and the West may yet live. Let someone try it.

What would a new leadership do? Drop the Bomb? No; that would be premature and therefore wrong. A leader's moral rights and duties are, after all, affected by his power. An individual citizen might well act differently: if I were granted an Aladdin's wish, I think I should send our bombers over Russia. I would reason that the end result of our present course is too sure, and the chances of reversing direction too slim, to warrant hope of paying a lesser price for freedom. A new leadership, however, would be able to reverse course. It would have the power and will to drop the Bomb, but, by the same token, it would have the power and will to wage an extended war of attrition against Communism. That policy holds forth reasonable hope of ultimate victory and would, therefore, have to be tried.

Tried until the hope ceases to be reasonable. At that point, an obligation would arise to seek the destruction of our tormentors by a sudden stroke in the middle of the night. A new leadership would heed that obligation with the serenity with which spiritually free men always choose good over evil; with the knowledge that when the right is pursued, it is God who ordains the cost.

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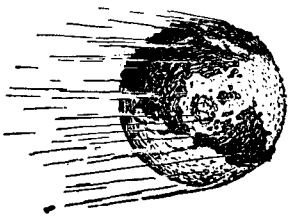

Is Spain in Europe?

JAMES BURNHAM

Andorra la Vella

To cross the Spanish border is an almost physical shock. In Britain, Belgium, West Germany and France, the economic drive and the refound confidence are not just a matter of those abstract statistics that show rates of development higher than either the American or Russian. Prosperity and confidence are to be seen, heard and smelled all around you: in the swarming cars and gay new service stations; the shops even in small towns laden with rich foods, consumer conveniences and luxuries; the new tractors, hay-balers and electric milkers; the trim, fast trains.

But all that crowded slate is wiped clean once you are over the Spanish border. The bright service stations give way to unpainted hand pumps doling the coughing liquid of the state petrol monopoly. For the first time in 1959's western Europe you see children looking ill-fed in near-rags. After Deauville and Biarritz, once-brilliant San Sebastian—purged by the Censor of the gambling and bikinis that give warmth and life to European resorts—is drab and dull. In the shops the clothing, dry goods and appliances are dismal in quality and spare in number. The wheat harvest is being threshed, often, by flat wooden sleds pulled by circling oxen, supplemented sometimes by stuttering little machines that look rather like gipsy hand organs.

Hotels and Underemployment

I do not refer, of course, to the open, green-lined Potemkin-avenues of Madrid—with their miles of balconied model-apartment blocks in all stages of non-construction, the thousand-acred resurgent university (with fifty men assigned to water its lawns and flowers), and the enormous pile of government offices-to-be. Madrid has more new hotels, many of them big and handsome, than any other city of Europe or America. Sticking close to the well-beaten path—the main drags of Madrid, Barcelona and Seville, perhaps—the tourists can easily imagine that Spain is an integrated part of western Europe. But it is hard to be sure when you wander through the provincial cities, the towns and the countryside.

Five years ago, when I last traveled widely in Europe, the contrast was less brutal. But in these five years the rest of western Europe has made, economically, a "great leap forward" of Maosian proportions. Spain, with a few conspicuous and shallow exceptions, has dragged only a painful step or two. Everywhere in Spain there are typical symptoms of the "underemployment" that is endemic within most "underdeveloped" economies: a dozen men in uniform idly chatting around the border official who checks your passport; one bureaucrat to read and another to stamp your auto *carnet*; scores of men breaking rocks for road pavement by hand-wielded hammers. Everywhere there are huge unfinished "works"—great buildings, walls, roads, dams, mere piles and mounds of stones or tiles.

How Willing the Sacrifice?

The guide or verger whose massive keys unlocked the doors to the winding stairs that led us up one of the curious fretted towers of Burgos Cathedral said as we neared the top: "You have your cars and your plumbing, but we have *this*"—his gesture signified the splendor of the structure now below us—"and our faith that lives here, and all *this*"—his hand went out to the Braque-like grays and browns and greens of the surrounding hills.

And on the Guadarrama mountains, in our room within a refitted wing of the ancient monastery of El Paular, where the Benedictines have revived their tradition of sheltering travelers; as the water whispered from the old carved fountains in garden and cloister, and the bells sang from the chapel, Spain's mystery and glamour seemed compelling enough to cancel all generalities and comparisons.

Can it really be true that Spain has deliberately set itself apart from both the benisons and the vulgarities of industrialized civilization, has made as it were a voluntary renunciation out of loyalty to faith and romance and ancestral ways? The hypothesis is attractive but unconvincing. Under the glamour and piety there is a certain amount of ennobling sacrifice, in truth, but there are also gnawing discontents and petty, degrading censorships and monstrous inefficiency.

Fifty buildings are started simultaneously when there are only tools, key materials and trained workers o handle five. Cashing a traveler's check means entries in four books and two forms in quadruplicate before you get the money. A 200 per cent duty is laid on autos—and graft gets you a Morocco registration. Cigarettes are a heavily-taxed state monopoly, so they are smuggled from free-trade Andorra. All business, and above all international transactions, must penetrate a thicket of licenses, permits and forms—each with its bypass of graft.

Actually, a lot of money has poured into Spain in the past few years: a couple of billion dollars from Washington and the American soldiers; uncounted millions in dollars, pounds, marks, Swiss and French francs from the hundreds of thousands of tourists. It all just disappears, like the water that, draining away from the Spanish hills, leaves their thin and rocky soil seemingly as dry as before the storm. Because Spain does not or will not or cannot order its own material affairs, it flows in the end elsewhere, just as the gold and silver of the conquistadors flowed away to the merchants and bankers and ironmongers of England and the Lowlands.

Indeed, Spain's own natural resources—if effectively exploited by a well-governed people—could be by no means negligible. And in any case, human will, work and ingenuity, which are the decisive resources for every nation, can make the desert flower and the rocks bloom.

A better fed, better clothed Spain would be, quite probably, less glamorous for the visitor. But most Spaniards, I think, like most men everywhere, would accept the exchange. Some day they may demand it.

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The Emperor's New Lunik

Could the saga of Luniks I, II and III be the outstanding scientific hoax of the generation? Consider these contradictions in Soviet claims

M. STANTON EVANS

On October 4, 1959, the Soviet Union announced that it had launched a revolutionary new space vehicle that would loop around the moon, photograph its hidden side, and return to circle the earth in a huge, oblong orbit. The vehicle was called Lunik III.

Within hours of the announcement, the free world had greeted the feat with all the tribute it could muster from the generous vocabulary of sportsmanship. Comment by a British astronomer named Patrick Moore suggested that the Good Losers of the West could even force themselves to be downright enthusiastic about the deeds of the enemy. "We've simply got to hand it to the Russians," Moore was quoted. "This should surely dispose of any allegations that Lunik II, which crash-landed on the moon, was a fake."

Lunik III, however, turns out to be a less definitive achievement than Moore and other sportsmen have been willing to allow. Far from laying to rest all doubts about the authenticity of Lunik II, the third moon shot stirs up some questions on its own account.

As in the case of the rocket which supposedly hit the moon, Lunik III is said to be "proved" by radio signals received by Jodrell Bank Radio Telescope in England. But a key matter has yet to be settled: how does Jodrell Bank—and, by extension, anybody else—know that the signals being received were from a rocket heading for the moon? Available information suggests that they cannot and do not know this, and that the signals received at Jodrell Bank, rather than establishing the reality of Lunik III, should generate additional misgivings about it.

A few days after Lunik III was announced, Leonard Buchwalter, technical editor for *Electronics Illustrated,* placed a call to Jodrell Bank, where he talked to Dr. J. G. Davies, assistant director of the observatory. The information Buchwalter received has been made available to me as follows:

a) The signal being received by Jodrell Bank was coming from well below the moon, and from "far to the west of it." A rocket emitting such a signal would have been on a course that would carry it far to the rear of the moon's trail through space. Yet the Space Technological Laboratory in Los Angeles, trying to plot Jodrell Bank's data into an orbit, "calculated that Lunik III had passed ahead of the moon, like a car beating a train to the crossing."

b) Jodrell Bank could not measure a "doppler shift"—a change in radio frequency which would be induced by the moon's gravitational pull—because the signal was "too unstable." Thus there is not even superficial evidence that the vehicle carrying the transmitter, if there was a vehicle involved, had gone near the moon, how far out it was or how fast it was moving.

c) As in the case of Lunik II, Jodrell Bank did not bother to measure the intensity of the signal —which would have been necessary to determine whether it diminished in strength, as distance from the earth increased, in obedience to a basic law of physics.

In response to a similar call, Dr. Richard Booton, the man responsible for reducing Jodrell Bank's signals to "proof" of the Soviet claim, stated that once a Lunik is "up in the air," we "don't know anything." Booton, manager of the guidance and navigation branch of America's Space Technological Laboratory, which has been processing the Jodrell Bank data, acknowledged that the "confirmation" arrived at there was reached by determining whether Jodrell Bank's antenna position matched the original coordinates released by Moscow. Since Jodrell Bank lined up its equipment on the basis of Moscow's instructions, the reality of the Lunik becomes almost a self-proving proposition.

The discrepancies surrounding the Jodrell Bank signals are typical. "Proof" of Soviet achievements, on earth and in space, is too often a mixed bag of confusions, inaccuracies, and unproved assertions from Moscow. This has particularly been the case with Lunik III and its predecessors.

Lloyd Mallan's Investigation

The strange saga of the Luniks properly begins with a science writer named Lloyd Mallan, who took an extensive tour through the Soviet Union last year, and returned to America convinced that the Communists were several decades behind this country in scientific and military development.

When Lunik I was announced on January 2 of this year, Mallan conducted a thorough personal investigation, contacting almost all of the key government and scientific figures involved in "confirming" the reality of the Soviet moon shot. He found that no one in the free world had picked up any reliable signals from it. Only the Goldstone Dry Lake tracking station in California had received signals, and these were spotty, proving nothing. (A mysterious tape recording of some signals lasting five minutes only, recorded in Hawaii, was later produced by the National Security Agency, but, in the opinion of a top U.S. radio physicist, these signals didn't prove anything, either.)

Mallan thereupon charged that Lunik I was a hoax—an allegation he made in *True* magazine, before

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a congressional committee, and in a book called *Russia and the Big Red Lie.*

When Lunik II was announced in September, Mallan contacted the two free world tracking stations that had reported getting signals from it. On analyzing what they told him, he charged that the signals in question could not have been coming from an object on its way to the moon. Like those from Lunik III, they were coming from the wrong side of the target, and they did not fall off in strength as they should have if the transmitter were speeding into space.

In no instance to date has anyone been able to explain away the facts that Mallan has assembled, or been able scientifically to challenge his interpretation of them. The specifics of his charges have simply been ignored, while Western officials continue to quote the very "proofs" that his charges, if true, render meaningless.

Radio Signals

The uncertainty of adio signal evidence—and the readiness of Western observers to risk dogmatic opinions on the strength of it—may be deduced from the statement, quoted above, from the British astronomer Moore. His vehement words of praise and confirmation for the Soviet claim were spoken on the day of the announced launching, at which time:

—Jodrell Bank had received a signal for a maximum of 160 minutes, a time insufficient to establish whether the object sending it was on course to the moon or to Wigan Pier;

—America's Fort Monmouth tracking station had picked up some signals which, according to the Associated Press, "sounded exactly like the Russian announcement said they would"—although "their source and angle of direction could not be established." These signals, it later developed, could not have been coming from a moon rocket, since Fort Monmouth continued receiving them after the moon—and anything that might have been traveling toward it—had dipped below the horizon.

Other aspects of the alleged launching have been just as confused as the matter of the radio signals:

1. The Soviets said Lunik III was an "automatic interplanetary space station." This drew an almost immediate rebuke from Dr. Fred L. Whipple, director of America's Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory. "I suspect," he said, "they are using a fancy term to give people the impression they have something they do not."

2. On October 4, "scientific sources" in the USSR were quoted as saying that Lunik III would take about 35 hours to reach the moon. Tass said the trip would take 60 hours. Professor Leonid Sedov said 72 hours. And the Moscow Planetarium placed the estimate at around 100 hours. All very scientific.

3. How close would the rocket come to the moon? First statement: 6,210 miles. Second statement: 4,375 miles.

4. Where was the Lunik at any particular moment—say at noon, October 5? The Planetarium said 133,515 miles. Tass said about 155,000 miles.

5. How close would the Lunik come to the earth when it took up its role as a satellite? Original stories talked in terms of 1,240 miles. Last estimate as of this writing: 24,855 miles. Margin of error: 2,000 per cent.

6. What was the signal supposed to sound like? Some reports talked of a "honk," others of "violin notes." Another Soviet first: honking violins.

7. What about guidance? "The Tass announcement," noted the *New York Times,* "seemed somewhat contradictory on guidance." The Moscow news agency, the *Times* explained, had first spoken in terms of the final stage of the rocket itself guiding the payload into orbit; but then it talked about being able "to control the elements of the orbit" once the payload was established there. (Does this suggest something fishy about the Lunik? No, it simply means that Soviet achievements are more spectacular than we had imagined: "This indicated that corrections could be made by remote control after the topmost main rocket had dropped away.")

8. The Soviets even managed to muddle the question of whether the rocket was going to circle the moon—supposedly its main purpose. On October 7, the director of Russia's most important Sternberg Astronomical Institute was reported as saying that "the rocket's flight behind the moon might not include a complete turn."

9. Finally, Moscow hedged its bet on the crucial question of whether Lunik III would take pictures of the unseen side of the moon. Tass had announced as much when the rocket was first "launched," and a prominent Soviet astronomer was quoted as saying that soon the mysteries of the moon's far side would be unravelled. But suddenly Tass buttoned up on the subject of lunar photography, refusing even to reconfirm its original statement.

Photographing the back of the moon—if the photographs were *unquestionably* pictures of that unknown region—would of course lay to rest all doubts about Soviet prowess in space technology. (Such a photo could be easily faked unless hard scientific data accompanied it.) But proof-by-data is a method of persuasion that Moscow has previously avoided, and has continued to avoid to the time of this writing. None of the Soviets' claimed exploits has produced any kind of data which are probably the result of a real venture into space. Their "findings" are almost invariably: 1) results "in good agreement" with those reached by American or other free world scientists (*i.e.,* saying the same thing); 2) information which could easily be derived from laboratory tests; and 3) disclosures so vague as to be meaningless.[1]

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1. There is not room here to go into the many-splendored peculiarities of Soviet "data," but the recollection of a single incident should serve to suggest the flavor of the thing: back in August, 1958, a group of American scientists participating in the International Geophysical Year disclosed that they were having some trouble with their Soviet colleagues. In spite of the great strides allegedly made by Moscow's space program, the Soviets weren't coming across with any information. At this conference, the U.S. scientists released a paper saying that America's Explorer satellites had run into strange radiation that increased markedly between altitudes of 300 and 10,000 miles—the kind of statement that one can safely make only if he has put a well-instrumented satellite into orbit. Immediately thereafter, the Soviets broke their silence about what their own satellites had discovered. They said Sputnik III—allegedly carrying hundreds of pounds of instruments to the Explorers' average 30 pounds—had discovered exactly the same thing! Although the Sputnik had been launched two months before the Explorers, the Soviets published their "findings" only after the American paper had appeared. Since that time—only several weeks ago, in fact—the American Explorer VI (dubbed the "paddlewheel" satellite) discovered an additional high intensity radiation band around the earth. The Soviets ignored this in their last statement, but they are sure to "confirm" it soon.

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The Communist habit of seconding American findings was at last broken in the case of Lunik II, reportedly launched just prior to the Khrushchev visit to America. In the course of hitting the moon, the Soviets said, they discovered—in so far as their instruments could determine—that the moon had no magnetic field. The announcement, however, omitted to say how sensitive the Soviets' instruments were.

The possibility that this Soviet claim might be contradicted was reported in the trade journal *Electronic News,* which quoted a top American space official, Dr. Robert Jastrow, to the effect that "the flat Soviet statement last month that the moon has no magnetic field may be refuted by the United States lunar probe scheduled for 'a year or more from now.'" Suggested reason for the discrepancy: the Soviets' magnetometer was probably not sensitive enough to pick up the moon's magnetic field.

In short, the Soviets could quite easily have issued their statement on the likelihood—attested to by a number of authorities—that the moon has no magnetic field, and still leave themselves a perfect alibi in the event that the probabilities—and their scientific "discovery"—were proved in error. They could simply say, "our instruments weren't sensitive enough to pick it up." And there need have been no instruments, or moon rockets, to begin with.

Major Discrepancies

Other "proofs" of Lunik II are even less convincing. For the benefit of those who may not have seen my survey of this matter in *National Review Bulletin* for October 3, I here recapitulate a dozen major discrepancies in the case for Lunik II. Most of them were uncovered by Lloyd Mallan, when he talked to a Jodrell Bank scientist named Harry Palmer. Hints of others have been circulated in the press generally. Here they are:

1. Lunik II was announced at one of the worst times of the month, in terms of scientific probability, for a successful moon shot.

2. It was proclaimed on the eve of Khrushchev's departure for America, a "coincidence" strongly suggesting a propaganda motive for the announcement, which in turn suggests that Khrushchev, with his international prestige riding on the result, had to be dead certain that the "moon shot" would in the end be acclaimed a success.

3. Moscow supposedly came up with a perfect prediction of the "moon shot's" trajectory, right to the point of impact. Yet the margin of

error in available scientific knowledge on the moon's mass and gravity would make such accurate prediction impossible.

4. East Germany announced that the rocket had hit the moon ahead of the time that Moscow announced it, a confusion suggesting prearrangement gone awry.

5. The huge Millstone radar installation in Massachusetts was unable to track Lunik II—although it was able, several months ago, to bounce a radar wave off the planet Venus, 28 million miles distant.

6. Only Jodrell Bank in England and Fort Monmouth in this country were able to pick up signals from the "moon rocket's" transmitter, which ought to have been audible everywhere in the world—since they were coming in exceptionally (I might say suspiciously) loud and clear.

7. Jodrell Bank had been unable to pick up any signals at all from the first Lunik, allegedly sent aloft in January—a peculiarity casting considerable doubt on the authenticity of the feat. This time, Moscow sent Jodrell Bank scientists two telegrams telling them exactly how to point their antenna, so that they might pick up the signals.

8. The positions wired to Jodrell Bank were given in terms of "azimuth and elevation" (earth-sky coordinates) rather than "right ascension and declination" (space coordinates)—a fact which American scientists consider to be "highly unusual," and which suggests that the instructions may have been intended to relate two points on earth rather than a point on earth with one in space.

9. The signals received at Fort Monmouth began at 28 degrees east of the moon—which would suggest that they could not have been coming from an object on collision course with the moon.

10. As with Lunik III, the signals at Jodrell Bank were coming from west of the target—which means that they could not have been coming from a vehicle on its way to intercept the moon.

11. At neither station did the signals diminish steadily in strength (at Jodrell Bank they fell off only in the last hour or so), which would suggest that they could not have been coming from a transmitter moving out into space.

12. Jodrell Bank did not have the exact original frequencies of the Soviet space-radio transmitter with which to compare a so-called "doppler shift" at the end of the moon trip, a change in frequency which theoretically proves that the rocket entered the moon's gravitational field and was accelerated to a higher speed. In which case, a noted radio physicist told me, without Jodrell Bank's knowledge of the precise frequencies, there would be nothing too difficult about imitating this particular proof of the Soviets' veracity.

Transatlantic Phone Calls

To round out the picture of almost total confusion surrounding the various Soviet moon rockets, I should like to add a note from direct personal experience. In the course of checking out my information for previous stories on this subject, I talked twice to Jodrell Bank personnel by transatlantic telephone: once to Dr. A. C. B. Lovell, head of the installation, and once to Dr. Henry Palmer, the scientist who had been questioned by Lloyd Mallan.

I reached Dr. Lovell at his home, September 20, and asked him the two key questions concerning Lunik II's radio signals: whether they had diminished in strength, and whether they were coming from the east or west

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of the moon. On the first of these, Lovell said: "Oh yes, the signal was much stronger on Saturday than it was on Sunday." I was taken aback; according to Mallan's transcript of his conversation with Palmer, the signal had not diminished in strength until the last hour of the tracking. On further questioning, Lovell revealed that he meant that the signal was weaker during the "last hour-and-a-half or so" of the tracking on Sunday—which is what Palmer told Mallan. "We didn't measure it," he said.

Concerning the direction of the signal, Lovell said he could not recall whether it was coming from the east or the west of the moon. He suggested that I call him back the following day, at which time, he said, either he or his secretary would have the information for me.

Odd Contradictions

When I at last got another circuit to London, two days later, Dr. Lovell's secretary came on the phone. But instead of reciting the information that I had called for, she told me: "We have sent the data to NASA [America's National Aeronautics and Space Administration], and Dr. Lovell says that you should get it from them."

I answered that I did not know how things were run in England, but that in this country it is sometimes difficult for reporters to get specific information out of the government; and that, in view of the fact that I had spent two days getting a circuit to Jodrell Bank, I would appreciate talking to somebody there. Since Dr. Lovell was not in, I asked if Dr. Henry Palmer were there. Her reply was sharp: "What kind of question is that?" Slightly nonplussed by this, I repeated my request that Dr. Palmer be put on the phone. She told me flatly: "Dr. Palmer had nothing to do with the tracking of the Lunik." Again I insisted.

With obvious reluctance, Dr. Lovell's secretary left the phone to get Dr. Palmer. There then followed what seemed to me to be about five minutes —or $20 worth—of complete silence.

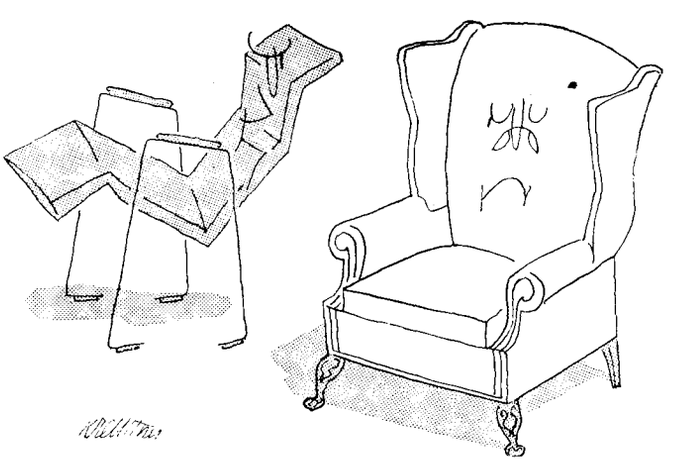
When Dr. Palmer at last came on to talk to me, I immediately asked him if he had participated in the tracking of Lunik II. He said that he had—in fact, he had been directly involved in operating the equipment. He said, however, that he wasn't "the person to talk to on this," since he had not made a thorough analysis of the data. I said I was interested in confirming some rather large facts which he might know about if he had been physically present when the tracking was going on. He then confirmed, three or four times, that the signal had been coming from the west side of the moon—a key discrepancy which Mallan had uncovered in his talk with Palmer.

I next asked about the strength of the signal. In reply, Palmer used the same roundabout construction that had been used by Dr. Lovell: "It was much weaker on Sunday than it was on Saturday." I asked *when* on Sunday the signal got weaker, and drew an answer at variance not only with what Lovell had told me two days previously, but with Palmer's own prior statements, as set down in the stenographic record of his conversation with Lloyd Mallan. The signal on Sunday, Palmer said, "started off weaker right away. There were variations in it. It got stronger as it went along." I noted that Dr. Lovell had said that the signal got weak in the last hour-and-a-half or so. Palmer said that this was not his recollection —but that, of course, "we weren't measuring it."

The contradictions in this conversation—in particular such things as the secretary's denying that Palmer had participated in the Lunik tracking—strike me as exceedingly odd. In my opinion, Jodrell Bank's behavior was evasive in the extreme; but the matter need not rest on my intuition that the people there did not want to answer my questions. The point is that Jodrell Bank's performance, and its method of operation, were highly *uncertain*; and it is certainty which must characterize scientific findings, particularly if those findings are to be accepted as "proof" in matters involving the life and death of nations.

The story of Luniks II and III (Lunik I isn't worth mentioning—nobody in the free world even heard it) is primarily one of uncritical acceptance of Soviet representations about what they had done and what they were going to do, and a consequent failure to take measures against the possibility of fraud. Jodrell Bank got its signals by pointing its antenna in accordance with Communist instructions; it did not measure the signals for intensity; Dr. Lovell never paused to think about which side of the moon the signals were coming from; and, finally, Jodrell Bank had no exact frequencies for measuring the so-called "doppler shift" in the signal, which has been everywhere cited as incontrovertible proof that Lunik II hit the moon.

It is up to those who would have us accept Soviet claims to resolve this mass of contradiction and plain error into a scientific demonstration. Until some such feat of reconciliation occurs, the Soviet luniks must be considered unproved.



"You fail to realize three things: First, people don't sit any more—they flop; second, standards must be relaxed in an ever-increasing spiral downward in order not to frustrate morons; and third, all changes are improvements."

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Letter from London

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

The Money in Our Pockets

The polls closed at nine o'clock. At one minute to ten the first result came in—Billericay, a marginal seat, and the Conservatives had held it well. By midnight the Labor Party's campaign manager was admitting that the results were "not very promising," and Mr. Macmillan allowed himself a modest expression of satisfaction. At 12:57 Mr. Gaitskell conceded.

The result of the British General Election of 1959 was a Tory triumph, and a triumph of the most dramatic and significant kind.

Look back a little. In 1945 came the deluge. The Labor Party swept into power; Winston Churchill was relegated to the wilderness. "We are the masters now!" cried the Socialists. The years of Tory rule, people said, were ended for ever. The rosy progressive dawn had come at last. But by 1950 the dawn was looking distinctly tarnished. Socialist economics had brought the country to the verge of bankruptcy. The cost of living went up 12 per cent in a single year. For a short period the Labor Party tried to hang on to office with an unworkably small majority, but in 1951 the Conservatives were back.

In 1955 the Tories consolidated their majority. Then came Suez, the tragedy of Sir Anthony Eden, a divided party. Worse still, the Conservative middle-class supporters, finding no relief from high taxation and the Welfare State, began to abstain at the polls. Only two years ago the Conservative losses at by-elections seemed so serious that most people predicted an inevitable Labor victory. And this new Prime Minister, Harold Macmillan, with his plumy voice, his moth-eaten moustache, his Edwardian waistcoats, surely this was not the stuff of which popular leaders are made? But whatever else he may or may not be, Macmillan is a consummate electoral tactician. If last week's Conservative triumph doesn't amount numerically to a landslide, it must be remembered that these are Conservative gains added to the landslide of 1955. For a Government to be returned at all for a third consecutive term is almost unprecedented. For it to be returned with an increased majority is overwhelming.

The real significance of the result, however, lies not so much in the Tory triumph as in the Labor defeat. This election was fought on economic issues. It wasn't about peace or war or Summit conferences or Nyasaland. It was about the money in our pockets. "We can't afford to have a Labor Government," a taxi driver said to me; and that about sums it up.

The tone of the campaign was deplorably low. The Labor Party tried to buy votes in the most blatant manner with offers of a ten-shilling increase in the old-age pension, removal of the shilling charge for Health Service prescriptions, and lavish spending on various aspects of the Welfare State. All this was to be paid for, the Socialists said, out of colossally-increased centrally-planned productivity, by imposing a capital gains tax, and by squeezing the expense accounts of company directors. They were also jockeyed into pledging that they would not raise the income tax.

The Conservatives scoffed at these promises, uttered dire warnings of further inflation and boasted of their own businesslike economics. They too would increase pensions; they too would cut taxes—but there was no doctrinaire nonsense about them. Their record spoke for itself.

About the really important issues of the day neither party spoke at all. Relations with a dynamically resurgent Europe and relations with the trade unions, ominously threatening vast new wage claims, will be acute problems for any new Government, but neither subject was ever mentioned. Relations with Russia were skated over lightly because there is fundamentally so little difference between the two parties' official positions; it was merely a question of whether Mr. Macmillan or Mr. Gaitskell should act as the Summit mediator.

Unfortunately, as a matter of tactics, the politicians were probably quite right. When I talked to all manner of people in the constituencies, the pattern seemed quite clear. The Conservative supporters rarely claimed any political principle; they were influenced simply by the country's prosperity. Labor supporters fell into two categories: the working class people who voted Labor because they regarded it as a class party ("people like us") and the intellectual Socialists who have a strange whiff of the 1930's about them. In other words, Labor's image was old-fashioned and unattractive to the floating voter in a time of prosperity.

The agonizing reappraisal at Labor Party headquarters after this third defeat must be appalling. Mr. Gaitskell will have a strong argument for abandoning such fundamental socialist doctrines as nationalization. The left wing, on the other hand, will claim that it is exactly the Gaitskell type of compromise—hedging on the H-bomb, acquiring shares in capitalist industry—which has destroyed the party's vitality. And for Mr. Bevan, who abandoned the Bevanites and became Gaitskell's uneasy partner, this may well be the end.

The Labor Party may go left or right, but it will never be the same party again. And there is another fact to be noted: the Liberal Party, though its representation in Parliament is still minute, polled a lot of votes. Mr. Jo Grimond, the Liberal leader, declared that his object was to provide a non-socialist alternative Government and this, as many people of different political persuasions would agree, is an object much to be desired. A two-party system cannot work properly when the two parties are mutually destructive, as the Conservatives and the Socialists are. It means that the swing of the pendulum may break the clock.

If a revived Liberal Party or a reformed Labor Party or a combination of the two now begins to form a respectable, responsible Radical opposition, the 1959 General Election may well prove to have been one of the most important and auspicious political events of our lifetime.

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from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The Hamilton-Madison Test: A Yardstick of Retrogression

"If men were angels," said Alexander Hamilton—or maybe it was James Madison—in *The Federalist,* "no government would be necessary." And, continuing in the same vein of logic, Hamilton — or Madison — remarked: "What is government but the greatest of all reflections on human nature?"

This department does not believe that men will ever become angels. On the other hand, it deduces from the Hamilton-Madison axiom that any time you have to have more government rather than less, it is a pretty good sign that human nature has retrogressed. By this test, just where does our "human nature" stand today? It's pretty foul, I can tell you.

Take our social security laws, for example. What a reflection on the human nature of everyone over 65 to argue that, regardless of a continuing ability to work, they must be doled out something each month to keep breath in the body. And what a reflection on the human nature of those under 65 to think that government must use a big stick to make them save for their old age.

Potato Blues

Or take the farmer—the potato farmer, just to narrow the case to one illustration. Back in 1914, in the golden age when farmers had something called "parity" in the natural market prices they received for their crops, the potato farmer produced on small and frequently blight-ridden patches. Today, the potato farmer—largely concentrated in Maine and Idaho—has modern insecticides to kill bugs or blight, and he has fertilizers that have multiplied his yield by three. By any test he is better able to make out than his grandpa no matter what Detroit is charging for a Corvair or a Falcon.

So what happens? Government, that great "reflection" on human nature, thinks it must step in from time to time to buy potatoes and paint them blue, thus rendering them unfit to feed to human beings. This particular reflection on human nature is all in favor of the hogs that eat the potatoes, blue dyestuff and all.

Or, to continue with the "reflections" cast by the multiplication of government, take the people who are engaged in railroading. There is a complex of union rules and state laws that permits featherbedding on a huge scale. Though trains have airbrakes, "full crew" laws maintain unneeded brakemen in clover. The laws supporting featherbedding assume that hundreds of able-bodied railroad men are incapable of getting other jobs for themselves. Just how a railroad featherbedder can shave himself without losing his self-respect when he looks in the mirror is one of those mysteries which are impenetrable. Mystery or not, it is certainly a reflection on the railroad man's nature that more, not less, government is needed for him. The same goes, incidentally, for the men connected with railroad management, who must be kept in leading strings by the Interstate Commerce Commission. With competition from trucks, automobiles and jet airplanes, you might think the ICC was no longer necessary to save the populace from a transportation monopoly. Nevertheless, the ICC lingers on to reflect on the human nature of everybody connected with travel.

Government casts a terrible reflection on our steel men. You might think that the Inland Steel Company and the United States Steel Company and the Republic Steel Company could take care of themselves in the Chicago area. Not so at all, in the opinion of the Department of Justice and certain judges. No, Inland and Republic and U.S. Steel managers are so feeble that they must be saved from the possible "monopoly" threat of a merger in the Chicago area of the Bethlehem Steel Company and Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company resources.

To judge by recent government activity, the citizens of the U.S. have lost all their charitable instincts. That they must be completely and absolutely subhuman when it comes to the quality of mercy is obviously proved by the fact that foreign aid is dependent on the prior tax seizures of Washington, D.C. Herbert Hoover, who once fed half a world from funds that came from the private pocketbooks of private citizens, must be completely flummoxed when he listens to Senator Humphrey, who says he has personally never heard of a private investor willing to finance hospitals, or malaria control, or teacher-training, or community development. What a reflection on human nature in general is the government represented by Senator Humphrey! And what a reflection on the human nature of Minnesotans in particular that they need Senator Humphrey to look after them.

Moronic

Every so often I get a letter from a government official informing me that I can have some seeds free for nothing on application or that it is time to stop feeding my infant son those soft baby foods. You might think I was unable to earn fifteen cents for a packet of nasturtium seed, or that I—to say nothing of my wife—am a moron about child-rearing. Well, maybe I am a moron: after all, don't I pay taxes to help support that gigantic reflection on human nature down in Washington?

To earn the money to pay the taxes that prove my moronic quality, I drive periodically to the New Haven railroad station. It's hard to get there these days. The center of New Haven is being ripped up and rebuilt. The "area replanning" funds—a reflection on every New Haven citizen—have come from Washington.

In a famous editorial William Allen White once asked, "What's the matter with Kansas?" I ask, "What's the matter with the whole damn United States?" Naturally, since human nature by the Hamilton-Madison test has retrogressed practically to zero, I don't expect an answer.

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THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Peace and Pacifism

I am much interested in the phenomenon of student pacifism, and make bold to suggest that others should be too. My most memorable brush with it was at Dartmouth College a few months ago, where I lectured in connection with the Great Issues Course. The experience was unusual because the entire senior class is required to attend the Great Issues lectures, which constitute the text of the course. It is only every now and then that university authorities compel students to listen to my words; and so not often that I, or other marauding publicists, meet with a truly representative portion of the student body. Generally you find yourself speaking only to those who are politically responsive: who demonstrate a degree of political curiosity by the very act of having come to hear you, and hence are not typical. But at Dartmouth it was everyone, and I learned that pacifism is everywhere. Pacifism's fallout has got into the bones even of those who do not voluntarily give a moment's thought to the issues of our time.

There at Dartmouth one student walked up in the heat of the question period to within a foot of me, and as he began to question me, his voice broke with emotion, and the silence in the hall was his chorus. He began again, "Do you mean to say"—he whispered, struggling to keep his voice even—"that there are circumstances under which you would make war if it meant death for a hundred million men, women, and children?" "Yes," I said. The audience gasped. I gasped too, but they didn't hear me, and that is one of the difficulties. Students know nothing, have no intimation of, the horrors of pacifism.

The distinction is between peace and pacifism. All civilized men want peace. And all truly civilized men must despise pacifism. It is everywhere implied that anyone who is in favor of peace must be a pacifist, and that anyone who is not a pacifist has no love for peace. The Communists, for whom language is so servile an instrument, have very little trouble with the classifications: in the (Western) world there are only pacifists and warmongers. But however greatly the Communists, by their tireless offensive on distinctions, have contributed to the confusion, American students could not have been rendered as helpless as many of them are except by the cooperation of their teachers.

Pacifism is a Christian heresy that springs from critical misunderstandings. *Peace on earth* is a plea for those conditions on earth—love, charity, temperance—which make peace thinkable. Peace is unthinkable in a community in which plunderers have hold of the city at night; and the prayer for peace is not a prayer that the elders of the community maintain the peace by yielding every night to plunderers: rather it is a prayer that men be helped in finding the strength to suppress their acquisitive and aggressive instincts sufficiently to make unnecessary armed resistance to man by man. In praying for peace, we pray that grace will settle in the hearts and minds of those bellicose people in the world who are critically situated, and cause them to exercise that restraint which makes peace possible. If peace were the first goal of man, you would not have to pray for it: you could have it. The price is to yield. If you are prepared to yield your family, your property—your honor—it is generally safe to assume that you will be ceded your life: that you will have gained "peace."

Why is youth pacifist? There are the commonplace reasons, and there are others unique to our time. It is probably correct that youth have the keenest sensual appreciation of life, having so recently discovered their own appetites, and the earth's reciprocating pleasures, and that out of that infatuation idolatrous passions arise, of pacifist tendency. We know all about that. But we know also that the hot blood of youth since the dawn of history has been readily fired by the call for suprapersonal service to an ideal. In almost all ages men have voluntarily risked their precious lives to relieve the misery of others, or to bring reverence to their God, honor to their nation, glory to their families and themselves. Idealism of this kind, it is widely supposed, has been locked in by the dimensions of modern warfare: one's role in modern war is too infinitesimal, too infinitely mechanized to yield personal satisfaction, yes—except to those whose hearts go out to the distress of the West, who know how acute is the West's condition, and take satisfaction from service to it in whatever capacity. And here is the cause of student pacifism—not the cinemascopic horror stories of nuclear death (does death sting more now than it did then?) but a diluted loyalty to the West, which the prevailing philosophy (some of us call it Liberalism) has engendered.

Today's student pacifists trade mostly in nuclear luridities in justifying their pacifism; but without reflecting on the meaning of what they say. Is it human suffering they are really concerned about? But the awful tribulation of Nagasaki and Hiroshima cannot compare with the workaday agony of the enslaved world—which in the name of humanity the students are prepared to leave forever enslaved, to spare themselves an increase in the radioactivity in the atmosphere, and the hazard of provoking the Soviet Union. They do not know that the conditions under which peace is thinkable for the Westerner do not now exist: that the West is besieged, and the world tyrannized over. And that the lack of perception which made possible the advances of the enemy even now prevents us from turning the battle to our favor, which we could do by bold and single-purposed action if only we could unfreight the load that sentimental pacifism has put on our shoulders. We must try to win without war: but we must above all try to win, and for the sake of humanity, whose first concern is for the quality of human existence, rather than for life biologically defined.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Defrauded College Students

With increasing vehemence, many of the better students in American universities and colleges are protesting against waist-high culture. At several institutions during the past few months—notably the University of Wisconsin, where the average grade is now "B" instead of "C"—students asked that the colleges require more of the students—of themselves, that is—and offer greater nutriment for the mind.

Students with natural intelligence, some decent curiosity, and a desire to know first principles are in a sorry plight in American colleges nowadays. First of all, a great many young people have been admitted to our crowded colleges who have neither desire nor aptitude for the higher intellectual disciplines, and so grow bored, and infect others with their boredom. Second, the level of instruction at most institutions is so low, on the average, and the method so perfunctory, that dull professors dampen whatever taste for ideas many students may have possessed. Third, the proliferation of meaningless and worthless courses has been so great, and the hierarchy of humane and scientific studies has been so deliberately neglected, that few students can find any end or meaning to their college tasks—and so shrug their shoulders in irony or bewilderment.

At Wisconsin, as elsewhere, the better students have been saying that the scholarship of many of their teachers is shoddy; that the apathy of the student is exceeded by the apathy of the average instructor; and that while the mediocre or inferior student is coddled and perhaps given the grade of "B" (superior"!), the student of independent mind often is penalized for daring to deviate from the current orthodoxy.

Similar opinions on the state of American education were expressed by several lively and eloquent students at an interesting public meeting held last spring by AWARE, the New York organization to oppose Communism in entertainment, communications, and the fine arts. Mr. Charles Rice, an evening student in the New York University Law School, argued that we still can reform American education, if we turn from lamentation to action. "The tiny seed of pragmatic doubt sown by John Dewey at Columbia Teachers' College," he said, "has borne bitter fruit in a generation indolent under instruction, rebellious under correction, docile under indoctrination, and scornful under exposure to principle in the slightest degree. . . . The reconversion of American education is not an eternal project. . . . How long it will take for conservatively-minded educators to penetrate the academic circle in sufficient numbers cannot be said with certainty."

At the same conference, Mr. W. B. Hicks, Jr., of George Washington University, was thoroughly aware of the censorial activities of educationists who prate of "democracy in education" and "the dead hand of authority." "I once saw a high school English textbook," he said, "that contained one of the Federalist Papers. I venture to say that, given power to standardize such textbooks, some bureaucrat in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare would decide that this essay on government didn't quite serve to prepare youth for the new and changing responsibilities of citizenship. Then Madison would go the way that Emerson, Macaulay and Burke already have gone, to be replaced by Steinbeck—who has a higher sense of so-called 'social justice.'"

For the silly phrase "the silent generation" we might well substitute "the defrauded generation." The better undergraduate and graduate students feel that they have been defrauded of their intellectual and moral birthright: defrauded by social indoctrination in the guise of scholarship, by shabby standards, by coddling of the stupid and lazy in our colleges and universities. They now demand some restoration of ends and disciplines; they ask for emancipation from academic nihilism.

What pabulum they have been offered for a great while may be suggested by a conversation I overheard on a Lansing bus a very few years ago. There was then taught as one of the four "core courses" at Michigan State College a subject called "Effective Living"; since then, I am happy to report, the Department of Effective Living had been abolished; but something like it flourishes still in many a university and college. The undergraduates privately referred to the course as "Effective Loving."

Well, the conversation on the bus was between two girls, apparently Lansing high school seniors, one tall and blonde, the other plump and dark. They were talking in whispers and giggles about SEX.

"Oh, you couldn't tell that to anyone," the plump girl was saying, in a tone of propriety, deliciously outraged, "not even to your *man!*"

"They do out at the College, though," the blond girl put in, eagerly. "They all go to a big room together, boys and girls, and talk about it. They call it Effective Living."

To a generation seeking for enduring norms, first principles of morality and taste and politics, our universities and colleges—or most of them—have been offering some such omnium gatherum of budget-preparing, household management, "attitudes toward religion," community responsibilities, sexual hygiene, and amatory techniques. No student can fail to pass such a course; so this is democratic education in action. And what does the better student really learn? Why, who cares about that? He gets his degree too, doesn't he? And the bumbling state college president builds his empire, and the incompetent professor collects his salary, and the snobbish parent is rejoiced when little Alice becomes a bachelor of arts without having to become literate. What is this highbrow minority of students complaining about? What do they think college is for—intellectuals?

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Soviet War Doctrine

ROBERT STRAUSZ-HUPÉ

Raymond L. Garthoff stands out as one of our most learned and judicious scholars in the field of Soviet studies. His *Soviet Military Doctrine* and *Soviet Strategy in the Nuclear Age* are the first comprehensive studies of the evolution of Soviet military thought published in the English language. The present volume, *The Soviet Image of Future War* (Public Affairs Press, $3.25), prefaced by a brilliant introduction by General James Gavin, reviews the professional discussion in the Soviet Union of modern war. It contains a careful selection of materials drawn from Soviet military publications. The American reader cannot help but derive from this slim volume a highly disturbing over-all impression: the Soviet military view conflict as an organic whole; hence Soviet military thought is identical with the conflict doctrine of Communism. It is informed by a unitary concept of history.

Western military thought is peripheral to Western political theory—a neglected appendage, so to speak, of policy. Communist doctrine, since it is conflict doctrine *par excellence,* is steeped in military thought. Conversely, the Soviet professional soldier is a Marxian dialectician. Soviet military thinking reflects constant awareness of political purpose. The objective of military strategy, according to a publication of the Soviet General Staff is, "the creation by military means of those conditions under which politics is in a position to achieve the aims it sets for itself."

Garthoff points out that the Soviet concept of "military means" is as flexible as it is comprehensive. Military influence is not confined to planning for war. Since some of the new weapons have become so destructive as to make them often politically ineffective, military strategy must seek to achieve certain political ends by means short of war. Military strategy thus becomes indistinguishable from psychological warfare. Various forms of "peacetime" threats of aggression and the defense against them increase in importance. Weapons backstop psycho-political offensives. Thermonuclear blackmail and the highly publicized display of missile capabilities create "those conditions under which politics is in a position to achieve the aims it sets for itself."

Rightly or wrongly, the Soviet military refuse to acknowledge nuclear weapons as absolute weapons. They are agreed that even a war fought with heavy nuclear weapons will be a long war. According to a Soviet military writer's prediction, "The use of these weapons (IRBM's and ICBM's) for both sides is more likely to extend the duration of the war than to speed it. Hence while in the past major wars could be short or long, in our time all major wars inevitably assume a wide turn-out character." In brief, the conflict will be protracted and thus conform to the historical analysis of Communist conflict doctrine. Furthermore, the use of nuclear weapons will call for the mobilization of greater manpower rather than less.

The Soviet military, unencumbered by "bourgeois" conceptions of international law and ethics, view the problem of preventive war coolly. Marshal of the Tank Troops Rotmistrov writes: "Since too often in past history aggressors have used surprise attacks on the other states we cannot ignore these lessons of history, and we must always be ready for preemptive actions against the cunning of aggressors. . . . The duty of the Soviet armed forces is to not permit surprise attack of the enemy on our country, and in case an attempt is made, not only to repulse the attack successfully, but also to deal to the enemy simultaneous or even preemptive surprise blows of terrible crushing power. For this the Soviet army and navy have everything that is necessary." It should go without saying that Soviet political leadership can be relied upon to come up with a suitable definition of the "cunning of aggressors" and to launch "preemptive actions" whenever the historic situation should favor such a strategy.

Although the Marshal distinguishes between the idea of a preemptive strike and that of a "preventive war," this differentiation is, to say the least, fraught with subjective connotations. It is unlikely that the hard-bitten Soviet military have fallen victim to Communist propaganda. Democracies do not fight preventive wars. The United States did not wage a preventive war against the Soviet Union. At the time of its atomic monopoly, it could have done so with relative impunity.

Dr. Garthoff does not take all the published confidences of the Soviet military at their face value. In their published writings the Soviet military profess themselves to be skeptical of the possibility of local and limited wars, particularly limited nuclear war. But it is unlikely that this studied approach reflects actual Soviet military thinking. To be sure, the Soviets would like to deter the U.S. from initiating limited wars and even from preparing defensively for them. Dr. Garthoff writes: "In seeking to maneuver the U.S. into positions of choice between massive but mutual devastation, or no effective response at all, they strive to deprive us of confidence that we have the alternative of limited nuclear reaction. . . . Limited wars, indeed, represent the classic form of Communist limited military action, for limited objectives,

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and at limited risk. The Korean War is a notable example."

Premier Khrushchev, on the occasion of his triumphal progress through the U.S., presented the United Nations with a proposal for total disarmament. Those Western statesmen who declared that Premier Khrushchev's proposal is worthy of "serious consideration" may find ample food for thought in Dr. Garthoff's terse commentary on contemporary Soviet military thought. The arms race is fraught with terrible dangers; its cessation would be a boon to mankind. But it is difficult to see how partial disarmament—according to Premier Khrushchev, total disarmament will have to be preceded by gradual arms reduction—would diminish Soviet capabilities for fighting the kind of wars the Communists have actually been fighting since the termination of World War II. These wars were limited; they were fought with conventional weapons and, in some places, with the simplest of conventional weapons.

It is Dr. Garthoff's most praiseworthy achievement to have illuminated the range and the sophistication of Soviet military science. The Soviet military are keenly aware of the psychological implications of advanced military technology. As long as the real problem of disarmament, namely, that of a reliable system of inspection and warning against surprise attack, defies solution, the thinking of the Soviet military is of primary importance to the formulation of Western policy, and Dr. Garthoff's masterly study will remain must reading for Western policy-makers and the general public alike.

All Over the Lot

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

TWO QUESTIONS arise in connection with the publication of *Walter Lippmann and His Times,* edited by Marquis Childs and James "Scotty" Reston (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95). The first is: what has Mr. Lippmann done to earn the tribute of twelve respectful essays on the occasion of his seventieth birthday? (It can't just be his age: after all, the distinction of reaching the allotted Biblical span can happen to anybody if his glands are in good working order.) The second question is: if a septuagenarian Lippmann is worth a literary triumph, are the assembled authors (who include such willfully blind people as psychiatrist Carl Binger and Iverach McDonald, the foreign editor of the *Times* of London) capable of distinguishing what is good from what is bad in the Gargantuan output of a man who has been all over the lot in the journalistic world for a full half-century?

My own answer to Question Number One is that Mr. Lippmann, whether septuagenarian or not, is distinctly worth honoring for parts of two books, *The Good Society,* which came out in the thirties, and *Essays in the Public Philosophy,* a product of the nineteen fifties. As to Question Number Two, it does not apply to Arthur Krock, whose graceful historical essay on personal journalism manages to reach the subject of Walter Lippmann in its final paragraph. Nor need it be asked about Raymond Aron, columnist for *Le Figaro,* who doubts the cogency of much of Mr. Lippmann's thinking on the subject of possible East-West reconciliation. The remaining essayists are sometimes mildly critical of some of Mr. Lippmann's stances. But not one of them really appreciates the good in Lippmann or understands the rather abysmal shortcomings of the bad.

The reason for the flabby quality of most of the essays is that the authors offer a peculiar mixture of cynicism and sentimentality. Hardly any of the contributors believes that truths about human nature can be determined. Yet they are conventionally fervent about their expressed admiration for Mr. Lippmann's long search for the "liberal" Grail.

In my own view Mr. Lippmann came close to setting forth some truths about society, the market place, the individual and government in *The Good Society* and in his book on *The Public Philosophy.* These works, however, are not the ones which excite the contributors to this volume. Mr. Childs obviously regards *The Good Society* as a lapse, the product of Lippmann's "Alfred M. Landon period." Referring to Mr. Lippmann's attempt (in *The Public Philosophy*) to work back to "natural law" norms, Reinhold Niebuhr remarks: ". . . our norms are bound to be no more precise than the general feeling that there are standards of justice which transcend any conceivable positive law." So much for the Ten Commandments. And, in a spirit of facetiousness, Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. ". . . is tempted to ask: Has there ever been a public philosophy?"

PERSONALLY, I think Mr. Lippmann's long attempt to remain above the battle in the Cold War has been one of the disasters of American journalism. Yet compared to some of the "contemporaries" who have gathered in this volume to do him honor, Mr. Lippmann is a mental and moral giant. Are there truly no ascertainable "standards of justice" that transcend positive law? Is it so impossible to separate the "public philosophy" (the things that are Caesar's) from the "private philosophy" (the things that are God's)? Well, if valid ideas about "justice" and a "public philosophy" can't be derived from a study of the nature of things, then what business have writers like Niebuhr and Schlesinger to pontificate? When H. L. Mencken was skeptical about justice, he retired to the zoo and watched the monkeys. That was the correct thing to do. But when Dr. Schlesinger is skeptical, he redoubles his fury in laying down the law about what a central government must do to make people happy.

Dr. Schlesinger, "brought up in the tradition of William James," believes that Mr. Lippmann's conception of "natural law" is an "artificial construct." And so he compliments Mr. Lippmann by suggesting that he has swung back, in recent columns, to "an appreciation of the reality of pluralism."

The only trouble with this mention of pluralism is that it is completely opaque. Dr. Schlesinger has no real definition of the word. If "pluralism" is to have social meaning, it must refer to a society in which individuals and voluntary associations are free to pursue their own ends, subject, of

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course, to respect for the rights of others. Such a society is incompatible with a State that has shifting purposes which transcend individual and group rights. "Pluralism" implies a clear distinction between the things that are Caesar's and the things that are God's (or the things that belong to the individual in consultation with his own inner spirit and conscience). But such "pluralism," of course, needs a Public Philosophy capable of sustaining it.

The Founding Fathers had a Public Philosophy: in its light they felt competent to enumerate the powers of the federal State, with other powers reserved to the constituent states and with "unalienable" rights reserved to individuals. But Dr. Schlesinger doesn't believe in strictly enumerated powers. His idea of the State is that it should feel free to do almost anything at the demand of a majority. In other words, no "natural law" should inhibit a Jackson or an F.D.R. If State purposes, however, are not to be disciplined by a Public Philosophy based on natural law, then what is to prevent them from becoming hideous? Fearing no Hitler in America, Dr. Schlesinger trusts that 51 per cent of his compatriots will always behave—and vote—in a sensible manner. But this presumes that the majority will, after all, have certain "standards of justice." Thus we circle back to the very Public Philosophy which Dr. Schlesinger has commended Mr. Lippmann for rejecting in the name of "pluralism." If this sounds dreadfully mixed up, don't blame me. The runaround is Schlesinger's own.

Dr. Schlesinger's essay is, despite its cloudiness, much the best effort in the book to get at the essence of Mr. Lippmann. There are some interesting biographical details in Dr. Binger's paper. George Kennan praises the Lippmann of *New Republic* days for perceiving that western Europe must be "recreated" in order to be "sterile to Bolshevism." Then, quite unaccountably, Kennan goes on to make excuses for the same Lippmann's strangely vapid remark that Bolshevism had "no vital center." Allan Nevins recalls the Lippmann of the *New York World,* and reproves him mildly for lacking an instinctive "feel" for American politics. Iverach McDonald thinks it a shame that John Foster Dulles didn't take Mr. Lippmann's advice to abandon the offshore islands in Formosa Strait. There is more biography in James Reston's contribution. Frank Moraes, of India, says he cannot "subscribe wholeheartedly" to Mr. Lippmann's idea that Communism may cease to be expansionist, yet he likes Lippmann's "moral courage" in being fallacious. Harry Ashmore, of Little Rock, Arkansas, wonders how many people actually read Lippmann's column, but commends him for being an "apostle of excellence."

Aside from the pieces by Krock and Schlesinger, there isn't much weight and density to this book. The Lippmann who has tortured himself to avoid hard thinking over the question of Germany poses great problems. But most of the contributors to this volume are content to slide past these problems. Such is journalism in the "times" of Walter Lippmann.

New Deal Infighting

EDNA LONIGAN

HENRY MORGENTHAU JR., city born, city bred, and married into a New York banking family, chose life as a farmer and publisher of a farm journal in up-state New York. There he and his wife came to know their neighbors, Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt. That friendship made him head of the Treasury Department for twelve of the most critical years in our history.

Mr. Morgenthau kept a diary, which fills 900 volumes. It contains every important conversation and document with which he was concerned during that time. John Morton Blum is preparing a history of the period based on the diary. His first volume, *"From the Morgenthau Diaries—Years of Crisis, 1928-1938"* (Houghton Mifflin, $7.50), covers the domestic New Deal. It ends with 1938, the year in which Morgenthau's efforts to stop emergency spending were signally defeated. Blum's book is an excellent combination of well-chosen excerpts from the diary, with running comment to make clear the background. He has handled a maze of technical financial problems well. The important questions are not about what is in the book but what is left out.

HENRY MORGENTHAU JR.: ". . . his great contribution was the fight he waged, after 1936, for reduced spending [and] a balanced budget . . ."

As a former economist in FCA and the Treasury, analyzing relief and welfare spending for the Secretary, I can look back, like Aeneas, on events "all of which I saw and part of which I was."

There emerges from the diary a fascinating picture of Franklin Roosevelt, the vulnerable human being trying to balance in himself the whirlwind pressures let loose by the depression, the political turmoil, and the energetic men in his official family who wielded unlimited power, yet wanted more. Roosevelt liked to operate by bringing together men of conflicting ambitions. Blum says, "This was not a neat and tidy system but it left ultimate command in Roosevelt's hands . . . Only the toughest survived."

As first Governor of the Farm Credit Administration, Morgenthau built up such a good organization that, in a year and a half, it refinanced 20 per cent of the mortgage debt of the country, thus unfreezing the assets of banks and insurance companies. FCA was one of the spectacularly successful operations of the Roosevelt Administration, though unhonored and unsung.

Morgenthau disliked Wallace's ideas of reducing farm production, and plowing under the little pigs, when so many people in the world were hungry. But farm prices kept

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falling ominously. He urged Roosevelt to listen to Professor Warren of Cornell, who argued that if the Government reduced the value of the dollar, other nations would buy our farm products. But Morgenthau soon admitted the failure of the Warren Plan. As Blum reports, the Europeans who could now get American dollars at a discount, did not buy cotton or wheat. They bought stocks and other earning assets. His one big error, however, put Morgenthau into the Treasury because Under Secretary Dean Acheson balked at the gold devaluation scheme.

The Secretary took the conservative side of almost every issue. But his great contribution was the fight he waged, after 1936, for reduced spending, a balanced budget, and repayment of the debt. Morgenthau knew there were still some 12 million unemployed. He knew only a reduction in Government spending and a revival of private investment could provide real jobs. He believed that politically also, this was the best policy.

In calendar 1937, the Budget was almost in balance. The outlook for 1938 was even better. In October 1937, the President told the congressional leaders, "with a real 'burr' in his voice," that "he expected to keep expenditures down so that he could balance the Budget." He expected their help in appropriations.

From here on, the story is blurred. In Chapter IX, on "Recession: 1937-1938," Blum reports the facts but not the underlying struggle. The spenders had no intention of giving up. Harry Hopkins was supported by James Roosevelt, Marriner Eccles, Lauchlin Currie and Leon Henderson. Morgenthau wanted prompt aid for the needy, but with predictable and diminishing Government spending, so private employers could calculate their risks. Hopkins fought for unpredictable spending, to keep private investors and employers off balance. But he never showed his hand.

Hopkins cut WPA rolls just at the onset of winter. Blum tells how Morgenthau, deeply shocked, radioed the President at sea, and the President ordered Hopkins to rescind the cuts. Blum does not tell (if he knows) that Hopkins' WPA cuts were carefully designed strategy to get extra funds from Congress, by using the mayors and governors as a pressure group.

The issue was political. Could the spenders, by using public funds, build up bloc support? The answer was yes. Hopkins had found the magic formula by which he could make permanent the powers Roosevelt had invoked to meet a crisis.

Morgenthau told the President he had to resign (p. 423). Roosevelt knew that would really precipitate a public outcry. Morgenthau stayed, but turned more and more to foreign affairs. Gold and silver buying involved the Secretary with Mexico, China, and the Japanese war. Currency stabilization had involved him with England, France, and indirectly with Nazi Germany. Blum says, "Where money was the issue, the Treasury spoke for the United States. Hull resented this division of authority over foreign affairs, but it served Roosevelt's purposes. . . . He could in any crisis decide which of his two Secretaries to support."

Morgenthau's staff was getting superb training in the intricacies of foreign economic relations. Among them was Harry White. "On his mission to England in 1935," says Blum, "he [White] succeeded, as he was so often again to succeed, in winning the confidence of economists and bankers who could not help but respect his mastery of the field." On this assignment J. M. Keynes proposed that cooperation among the nations should be through their Treasuries and not by legislative action. "This suggestion impressed White, who himself preferred actions through treasuries to action through banks or treaties," comments Blum.

Harry White was not a Svengali with a hypnotic influence over Morgenthau. The tough, ambitious men on his level in the Treasury would never have permitted it. White was a technical expert who studied constantly to learn how governments operated, and how they could be gently redirected as he wished. The inner history of the New Deal is the rise of Mosca's type of secondary ruling class, and how it obeyed Hayek's law that the worst always get on top. Blum gives the facts, but something is missing of the truth.

Random Notes

Finis Farr, a frequent contributor to *NR*, has been commissioned by Charles Scribners Sons to write a full-length biography of the architect Frank Lloyd Wright.

Forthcoming books, inspired by the 1960 campaign: a biography of Stuart Symington, by Paul Wellman; *Nixon and Rockefeller*, by Stewart Alsop; a biography of Hubert Humphrey, by Michael Amrine; *The Presidential Story*, by Jack Bell, head of the Washington office of the AP; *Rockefeller Speaks: A Political Self-Portrait of Nelson Rockefeller*, edited by James W. Poling. . . . Also, a personal survey of politics from 1925 to 1950, written by Joseph W. Martin Jr., former Republican leader of the House, with the assistance of Robert Donovan, the author of *Eisenhower, the Inside Story*.

Believe it or not, among the books bought by movie companies, or under negotiation for sale to them, are Stephen Potter's *Gamesmanship, Lifemanship* and *Oneupmanship;* and Harlow Shapley's *Of Stars and Men*.

Above and beyond the call of duty: Brigitte Bardot's new film *Babette Goes to War* will present her fully clothed. Says her producer, Raoul Levy: "We will see if Brigitte Bardot is really a star. This picture is the test."

Doubleday Anchor Books has inaugurated a fascinating series of paperbacks on scientific subjects. Entitled The Science Study Series, it includes out-of-print classics and new titles especially written for the series.

Psychoanalysis of the Milkshed: The *American Journal of Sociology* records that one John P. Clark has received his masters degree for a thesis called "Alienation in the Milk-Marketing Cooperative." F.S.M.

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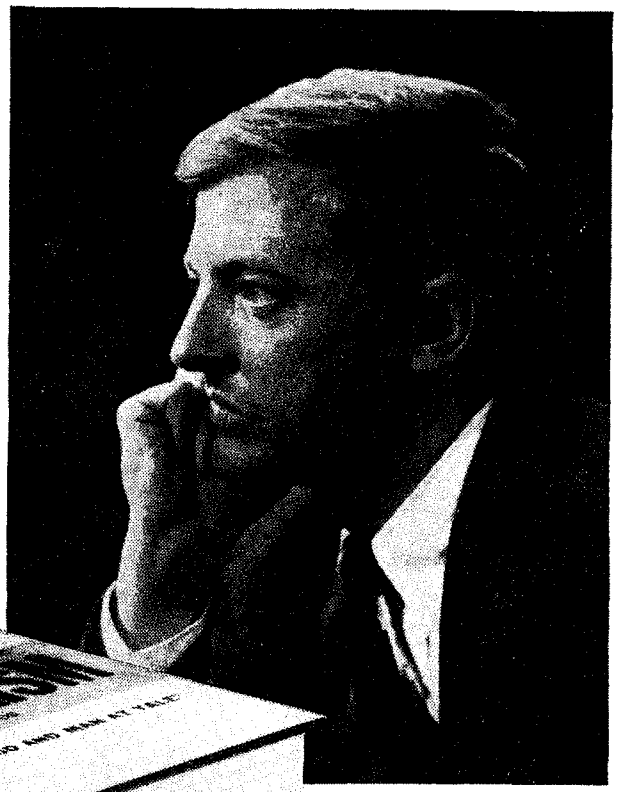
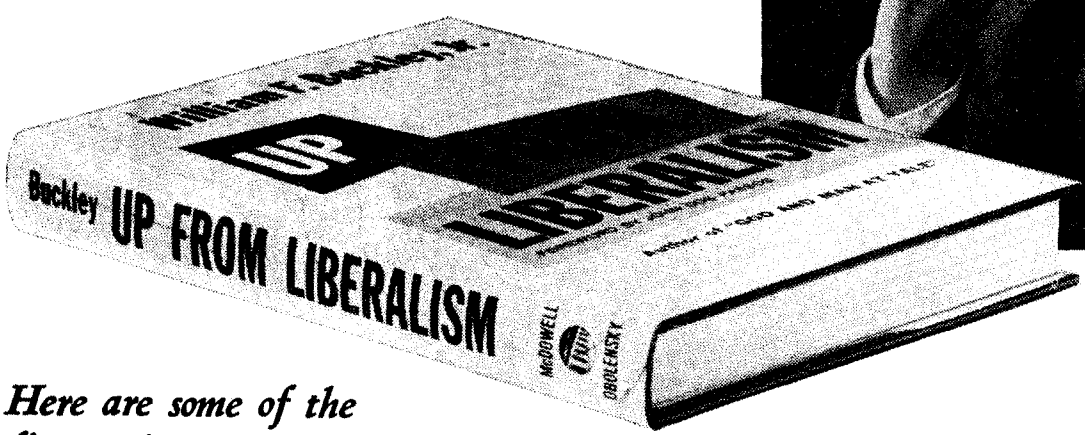
Fabian Bachrach



WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, Jr., "brilliantly excoriates a philosophy he calls Liberalism." —Newsweek



Here are some of the first reviews:

"A book of scholarship and intuitive profundity . . . a very fine work . . . the beginning of an analysis of the narcotizing of the American mind." —GEORGE SOKOLSKY

"A skilled debater, a trenchant stylist . . . a man of agile and independent mind. . . . He belongs in the great American tradition of protest and he deserves his audience."
—JOHN K. HUTCHENS, N.Y. *Herald Tribune*

"Much of it is . . . hilarious reading. Much of it requires concentration. But all of it is rewarding." —*Our Sunday Visitor*

"A valuable book [which] takes professional U.S. 'liberals' apart so skillfully that you'll long be hearing or reading their shrieks of fear and hatred." —*New York Daily News*

"A lively book that has stirred the wrath of some and will entertain anybody who picks it up. This sort of shrewd debating, even with its very arguable premises, makes excellent and stimulating reading." —HAL BURTON, *Newsday*

"The most exciting book of the Fall." —LEE MORTIMER

"A joy to read . . . a seminal book, a provocative book, an essay of both analysis and commentary . . . the good-humored after-dinner talk of a man who undertakes without malice—without much malice, anyhow—to describe an interesting phenomenon. . . . If his call can be heard, above the rhetorical bellows of the right and the shrill yells of the left, the legion of latent conservatives will rally to his cause."
—JAMES J. KILPATRICK, Editor, *Richmond News-Leader*

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It Takes All Kinds

ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH

CONNECTICUT history is studded with the names of men who risked death and disgrace in the cause of freedom: Ethan Allen, Nathan Hale, Oliver Wolcott, Daniel Webster, John Brown, Bronson Alcott, and five signatories to the Declaration of Independence are only a random sample. Our capital city adopted the world's first written constitution—in 1639, and so informs the trespassing traveler by means of tasteful, upper-class-type signs, which mention, *en passant*, the fact that he is at the portals of

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT
HERE WAS BORN SELF-GOVERNMENT
BASED ON CONSTITUTIONAL FREEDOM

Stephen Boychuk, formerly of the Ukraine, now of Hartford, Connecticut (the very same), where he works as a reviewer for the Phoenix Fire Insurance Co., learned the history of his new home along with its language; for here, one finds, "they tell you all the time in language school about Charter Oak and Thomas Hooker and Rochambeau and say to watch parades of Governor's Footguards, first commander Nathan Hale, which was guarding George Washington, Father of our Country, with same uniforms as now and how old Connecticut people was brave people that made even wars to be free." He came to know our tongue and fell in love with our past, but apparently it had never occurred to him that the lives of the Founding Fathers were naturally more stirring to their descendants than were the lives of, say, Stephen Boychuk's mother, father and three young brothers—which turned out to be so *short*, for one thing. And when he did find out, he simply didn't *adjust*.

When Khrushchev's invitation was announced as an irrevocable fact, young Boychuk waited, respectfully to be sure, but expectantly, for his seniors, the "born-Americans," to formulate a protest in which he could join. He allowed himself four days during which the lonely voice of Senator Dodd, echoing from the rafters of a deserted Senate, sank soundlessly into the back pages of the Nation's Oldest Daily Paper, which is Tom Dodd's home-town paper—and Stephen Boychuk's, the *Hartford Courant*.

At the end of the four days ("Is, at the end, 96 hours. Long time, when you are waiting, waiting.") he called a meeting of the "foreign-borns," the Estonians, the Hungarians, the Latvians, Lithuanians, Poles and his own countrymen, the Ukrainians, at which they plotted an anti-Khrushchev rally of their own. Boychuk became president of the organizing committee and Robert Kuttner, a Ph.D. attached to Hartford's famous Institute of Living, became its secretary. There were no other officers, nor did anyone remember to give the organization a title. "We were too busy for officers and committees and names. At the meeting, they say: 'Who to ask the City for place; who to write to newspapers; who to paint signs, find speaker, give money . . .'"

Mr. Boychuk wrote the City Manager asking for permission to hold a meeting in Bushnell Park, which faces the State Capitol. The City Manager was deeply shocked. "Dear Mr. Boychuk," he wrote gritting his teeth, "I have discussed with your secretary the problem which this presents to the city. The President of the United States has asked us all to avoid any embarrassment to the official visitor to this country, Nikita Khrushchev. Under the circumstances, I tried to convince . . ."

(The members of the committee didn't really want to embarrass Khrushchev either, of course. On the whole, they would have preferred to kill him. But then the committee's "circumstances" are the 20,000 graves they left behind, and the City Manager's was a Presidential Request. You can see how hard it was for everybody to get together over this thing.)

The letter continued: "The actual permit must be granted by the Director of Parks. Therefore, I am forwarding your letter to him with my reply, with the understanding that if he grants such a permit, it will be for the use of Colt Park at 3:30 P.M. . . ."

There are ten major parks in the City of Hartford. Nine of them are carefully-landscaped lawns, bright with the season's flowers, shaded by Connecticut's great elms. One of them, in the shabby "South End," is a weedy field bright with beer cans and bubble-gum wrappers, shaded by the backs of nineteenth-century factories and abandoned warehouses. . . . The committee, with many thanks, refused the City's kind offer of Colt Park. (It was when he was apprised of this refusal that the Director of Parks referred to Robert Kuttner and his organization as "you subversives"—but only in a burst of what turned out to be amnesiac indignation.)

The City, however, ignored the refusal and announced to the newspapers that the committee would hold a rally in Colt Park from 3:30 to 4:30 P.M., Saturday, September 17. Only the City, and only the committee knew, as the saying goes, "different."

BUT THERE WAS a viper in Hartford's official bosom, and the viper struck. Stephen Boychuk was informed, through clandestine sources, that the tiny half-circle of Bushnell Park immediately in front of the Capitol steps belongs not to the City, but to the State—and the State of Connecticut, less concerned with the niceties of hospitality, unhesitatingly gave Boychuk permission to use its strip of land. The rally proceeded as scheduled, on September 17, and, as requested, in Bushnell Park. What *agonies* of embarrassment Mr. Khrushchev must have gone through when he heard!

Of course, only 500 of the 2,000 they expected attended the rally, but that's not counting the people who assembled in Colt Park, stood around for a while and drifted away. No native American organization was represented, but then no native American organization in Hartford considered the demonstration in the best interests of the country. At least 25 native American *individuals* were there, however. (It takes all kinds.) Some other people might have turned up, but the City had detailed a small army of policemen to help the audience distinguish State from City property and, from the back, the rally might easily have been mistaken for a police convention. (One middle-aged woman, after ascertaining the boundary line, stepped over into enemy territory and looked nervously

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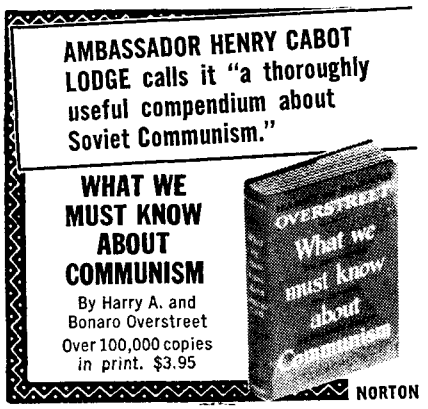
at the nearest policeman. But he only looked nervously away—he turned out to be one Officer Zavkrantsky—so the woman stepped back, rather relieved, on the whole.)

Nobody heard the speakers very well because, around four o'clock, the Governor's Footguards had a parade around the Capitol grounds and then held a band concert on the city side of Bushnell Park (Rochambeau Day). The sky was blue and the sun was shining; the Footguards wore the bright uniforms they wore when "was guarding George Washington, Father of our Country," and the sober young East Europeans in their rented black suits stood quietly on the Capitol steps, holding their homemade signs and gazing over th heads of the crowd at the pageant of America's past. Overhead, the Capitol flags whipped and snapped in the breeze. On Connecticut's flag, when the angle was right, you could make out our State Motto: *Qui Transtulit, Sustinet* (Those who come to us from abroad will nourish our state).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Movies

Breaking a Butterfly on a Wheel

GARRY WILLS

For Hollywood the problem of Shaw's problem plays is their sexlessness. This is especially true of the three "Plays for Puritans," in which Shaw consciously debunked the romantic tradition. In the most famous of these, Caesar not only ignores the fact that Cleopatra is a woman; he actually tries to make her the superman. That play is still performed—only (poor Shaw) because of the glamor of the Woman in all her legends; but it is strange that the latest raid on the library should make a movie of the first of these three Puritan exercises, *The Devil's Disciple.*

The romantic theme here is that of the substitute victim—the drama of Sidney Carton, dissolute hero driven to one great sacrifice by his love of the other man's woman. Shaw simply made the dissolute fellow laugh at the woman's belief that he dies for her, then scold her for such "limited concepts." This of course redeems the wastrel Dick Dudgeon in Shaw's eyes. The play combines shallow satire on the New England religion of horror with an even shallower exposition of the Nietzschean morality (for Dick Dudgeon's devil is Dionysos, the god of beautiful destruction). Given these elements, Shaw merely let the devil's disciple preach all his own favorite ideas, at the highest pitch of action, and made his foil, the poor minister, become a blustering soldier. The bewildered girl, caught between these worshipers of force, is left to look ridiculous.

It was easy enough to get a beautiful starlet to look ridiculous, but the arbiters of our dreams have come up with a combination of heroes that is even more wondrous strange. The advertisements show all three in a line, gritting their teeth like models in a toothpaste ad: Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas for brawn, the ape and the monkey; Laurence Olivier for brains. A pendant to each figure shows each involved, whether brainily or brawnily, with three women (all of them, of course, with half-bared and laboring breasts). But the sex-angle is clearly to be that of masculine appeal, and the ad was patterned after that male harem which was recently hung up before the world's feminine population, running the gamut of their tastes—John Wayne, Dean Martin and Ricky Nelson.

Despite the early reviews, which showed a patterned score for Hollywood and worship of "the book," I went to the theater with hope. The play is not worth much reverence, and a redskin or two could easily improve it. The juiciest part, General Bourgoyne's brief passage through the third act, had clearly been expanded to give Olivier something to do. But my hopes were dashed; the movie is ingeniously bad. It does not even deserve the credit one can give Hollywood when the cameras somehow grind a mountain like *War and Peace* into eighty thousand pounds of sausage. At least some one had to read Tolstoi's book in order to destroy it, and the real General Kutuzov, like Karamazov *père,* slipped through the process and onto the screen.

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In *The Devil's Disciple,* however, the cameras systematically break Shaw's butterfly on their wheel and leave no patch of colored wing to charm us. Shaw's reversals are all reversed. The minister who shouts for pistols and blood at the instant of challenge becomes a blinking and idiotic Burt Lancaster who wanders aimlessly through a battle and finally, in a kind of inspired stupor, blows up a huge powder depot. Kirk Douglas, as the diabolist and Nietzschean saint, is not that rigid pillar of principle who takes Zarathustra's whip to women. He fascinates the females and he knows it; he is a devilish fellow only in the Beau Brummel sense. And the quick irony of General Burgoyne loses its snap in the dissolving scene, muffled as it is in Olivier's giant cloak. The girl is as stupid as she should be, but both heroes love her for the respectable Hollywood heroine she is.

In one sense, the movie is reassuring. Hollywood is too innocent in its sensuality to understand the real diabolist who does not care for women. The last reaches of Hell know as little of lust as of love, and Khrushchev's Shavian scorn for Hollywood shows how much lower one can go than Babylon.

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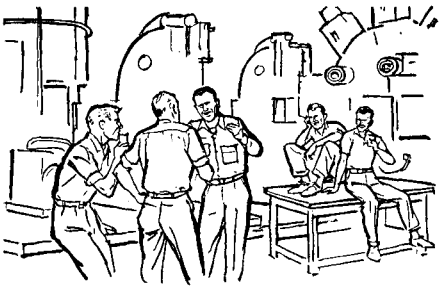

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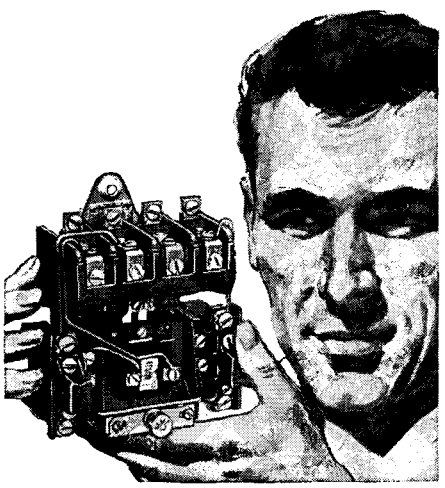

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To the Editor

A Freedom Academy

Your editorial "A Freedom Academy NOW" [October 12] leaves you way out on the proverbial limb. How can you ask the Federal Monster that is consuming the freedom to promote a school to study the same? Somewhat like asking the jailer for a book on locksmithing!

I know not what course other men may take—but as for me, I have sent my pittance to Robert LeFevre's Freedom School.

Perhaps all of the conservative organizations, publications, etc. could get behind the idea and handle it through free enterprise?

Eagle Pass, Texas CHARLES G. DOWNING

In February 1959, Mr. Richard Arens warned the American Coalition Seminar *against* any Freedom Academy organized, administered, staffed and run by the government, or any government-appointed committee.

In view of this fact it is astonishing to find Senator Karl Mundt and Congressman Walter Judd sponsoring a bill for such an academy, under just such dangerous auspices. It is equally astonishing to find NATIONAL REVIEW backing such a bill. I suggest before you give this any further support, you consult Mr. Arens.

I also suggest that the Orlando group, if really interested, get in touch with the already established (without any government control, and supported by private enterprise) Freedom School, in Colorado. This school is a going concern and could be expanded and branches established in Orlando and elsewhere—and would really do what the Florida businessmen envisage.

A Freedom Academy, as planned by legislation introduced by Mundt, Paul Douglas, A. S. Herlong Jr. and Judd will defeat the purpose it claims for itself! The bill should be defeated.

Bucks County, Pa. C. C. STARR

Congratulations on your editorial of October 10 calling for action on the proposed Freedom Academy. Here is a project upon which federal funds would be well-spent. The survival of this nation, its effective participation in the Cold War, its basic understanding of the nature of the enemy—these are issues which the government can and should face. And it should face them promptly.

I am sorry to hear that the bill has been tied up in Congress by personal animosities. In this age of the boondoggle, when every congressional session allocates another couple of million dollars for one local project or another—the Freedom Academy for once represents a *national* need which can best be responded to *nationally*. You have documented the urgency; let's have action!

New York City ROGER LOVETTE

The Little Magazine

I enjoyed Mr. Buckley's tale of the little magazine's vicissitudes [October 10]. America is too much the land of cut-rate culture. It pays for comic books and popular recordings and cinemascope motion picture monstrosities. But when it comes to fifty cents for political sense, it would rather read Drew Pearson for a nickel.

You have made clear the fact that if the nation is to survive, if, indeed, it is to recover those lost traditions the Liberals have trampled over and eaten away, that survival will be insured by the selfless investment of concerned individuals. It will be paid for by the people who year after year bail out their favorite magazine that it may continue for a while longer to serve their cause with literate commentary.

Omaha, Neb. MRS. BETTY ROYAL

Not Vanilla-Flavored

It was a very minute, very inconspicuous, but quite biting little advertisement in the *New York Times Book Review* that caused me to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW; once I had seen the sample copy sent me I knew that here was one publication I *could* not be without!

My thinking leads me always to the conservative point of view. And yet, heretofore, something inside me has shrunk from being openly on the side of stuffed-shirt reactionaries, old Ponsonbys, standpatters. I shuddered at the thought of being counted in with those "Right's right and wrong's

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wrong, and I'm right and you're wrong," hard-shelled, platitudinous "let's go back to the good-old-days" advocates. And now I find that somewhere in the world there *are* dynamic conservatives, conservatives who can give as good as the liberals can send, conservatives who are acidly clever and briskly forward-looking and gloriously militant! And I love NATIONAL REVIEW for introducing me to them.

I hug myself in abandoned delight at each wonderfully barbed sentence, at each cogent argument, and I want you to know I like it all! I especially enjoy the first few pages ("For the Record" and "The Week") and *most* especially those marvelous movie and drama reviews. The book reviews are good, too. In fact, after sampling the nourishment of NATIONAL REVIEW, most other publications are inclined to seem vanilla-flavored!

Best of wishes to you.

Newton, Mass. MRS. DAVID HAMBLEN

Bedfellows

Dear, dear editors, am I muddled or something or does our very own NATIONAL REVIEW [*Bulletin*, September 19] advocate low tariff barriers or none at all? The REVIEW is sometimes so erudite that I can't follow it, and I may be wrong in assuming that it advocates low tariff barriers, etc.

If I am right in this assumption, please let me tell you that I have a long, good memory, and I recall very well that it was lower tariffs in '07 (when I was six years old) which brought on a particularly nasty panic. My father was out of work for weeks, and we almost starved.

As a student of American economic history I have discovered that almost every major depression in this country was brought on by low tariffs, a depression that could only be ended by interfering in foreign wars. The American worker should not be expected to compete with the coolie wages abroad, and lower his hard-won standard of living to the coolie standard. I know the sick old argument that we should "help" foreign workers to gain better wages and obtain a better way of living, and I reply to that by saying, "Not at the expense of the American worker!"

S'help me, I find myself standing shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Reuther on this, and never—er—were there so dissimilar bedfellows!

Buffalo, N.Y. TAYLOR CALDWELL

The Death of a Car

My life would not be complete were it not for the day the postman leaves NATIONAL REVIEW, and my husband and I have been especially moved by your editorials and articles on Khrushchev. Needless to say, I wept tears of bitter frustration and anguish when watching the felon being ushered into Washington.

The main purpose of this letter is to advise you and your staff what happens to someone who has the audacity to put a "Khrushchev Not Welcome Here" sticker on the bumper of his car! The whole incident is probably just a concidence, but an unnerving one. What do you think?

My husband teaches at the University of Cincinnati during the school year, and, during the summer, supplements his income by practicing pharmacy in different hospitals and stores, while the regular pharmacist or owner is on vacation. On the 4th of September he was taking over a store quite a distance out in Ohio and had been there for four days. He parked our car every day in the drug store parking lot at the side of the building where it was fully lighted and visible from the street.

On that Friday night he came out after locking up at 10 P.M., and no car in sight. Being a typical absent-minded professor, he sat on the curb for 15 minutes trying to figure if he had left it somewhere else, before he called the police. This car was a 1950 model hardly worth taking, there were other newer cars there, our keys were not in the car, and whoever took it knew my husband would be in the store until 10, for customers might come and surprise thieves at any time. He had just put the Khrushchev sticker on that day, and we had some merriment that evening with our friends in regard to a dastardly Communist riding off in the night with our little flivver.

We heard nothing more from the police until September 15 when the sheriff from Clermont County (next to Hamilton County where the car was taken) sent a letter saying they had found a car over a bank and burned and what did we want to do about it? When we drove over to this little town, the police informed us that the car had been found right after it was stolen but they had only just been able to locate us! In other words, they did not even know the car had been stolen, the Hamilton County police apparently had not sent out the information on the wire services as they told us they had, and it was a general snafu. They all took a very nonchalant attitude about it

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and apparently thought we had pushed it over ourselves for the insurance until we pointed out that we did not carry theft insurance on a car that age. It was almost enough to make you vote for metropolitan government!

One of them finally unwound himself from his chair tilted against the building and told us to follow him to where the crime had been perpetrated. We were riding with a friend of ours, and we followed him for about ten miles into the most remote, isolated area outside of town. . . . He pointed to the car down about 60 feet from the road over a steep bank which ran into a small fork of a river. It would never have been spotted from the road, and the only reason it was found was that a fisherman happened to be in that particular spot. . . . We did not even recognize our car. The heat of the fire had been so intense that all the paint was burned off on the body, and of course the glass was shattered. The car had not been in an accident, and the police said someone had poured some kind of fuel inside the car, set fire to it and pushed it over the bank. You could see where it had scraped the trees going down, and the flames must have blazed 25 or 30 feet into the air as the leaves of trees were scorched that high. The gasoline tank had not exploded but everything else was melted down, and the interior was nothing but a few springs sticking up in the air with a skeleton, twisted steering wheel. We wanted to check the speedometer but could not tell where it had been.

The odd part is that when the police found the car, it had the four tires still on it, and they had not been burned too badly. So whoever did it did not want to bother with the tires, and they were brand new. The sticker had been on the back bumper, and the chrome was not blackened. The fire had been confined to the paint on the body and the whole interior of the car. But the sticker had been definitely taken off, and we could find no traces of it. It would not have burned off in that location. Also, whoever did it would not have walked out of that area. They would almost have to have another car there to take them out. . . . Even this lethargic policeman asked us if we had any enemies as it seemed like such a senseless thing to do. . . . We did not mention the sticker to him as I am sure he would have said, "Who's Khrushchev?"

However, I did call the FBI just to ask their opinion, and I hope they did not think I was a hysterical female having hallucinations. They agreed that it was certainly a weird set of coincidences, but the FBI is not allowed to enter into it unless it is across state lines, and they urged us to have the police investigate. That seems to be a hopeless cause, however.

Now, Doctor, what do you think? Am I beyond treatment? We are in the process of borrowing some capitalistic dollars from a capitalistic bank to buy a new car. Needless to say, the first extra to be added will be another sticker!

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(Signed) William A. Rusher
Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1959.

(Signed) Rose Marie Caniano (Flynn)
(My commission expires March 30, 1961)

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